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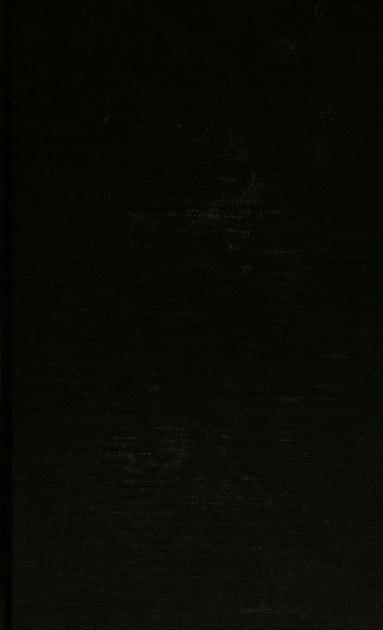
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HESPERIDES

OR THE

WORKS BOTH HUMANE AND DIVINE

OF

ROBERT HERRICK, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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HESPERIDES.

TO HIS BOOKE.

BE bold, my booke, nor be abasht or feare The cutting thumb-naile, or the brow severe. But by the Muses sweare, all here is good, If but well read; or ill read, understood.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN. JOHNSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make, Know I have praid thee For old religions sake, Saint Ben, to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me, When I, thy Herrick, Honouring thee, on my knee Offer my lyrick.

Candles Ile give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.
VOL. II.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

GIVE want her welcome if she comes; we find Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

. AGAIN.

WITO with a little cannot be content, Endures an everlasting punishment.

THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES. -

LET's live with that smal pittance that we have; Who covets more is evermore a slave.

LAWES.

WHEN lawes full power have to sway, we see Little or no part there of tyrannie.

OF LOVE.

ILE get me hence,
Because no fence
Or fort that I can make here,

But love by charmes, Or else by armes, Will storme, or, starying, take here.

UPON COCK.

Cock calls his wife his hen: when cock goes too't,

Cock treads his hen, but treads her under-foot.

TO HIS MUSE.

Go wooe young Charles no more to looke Then but to read this in my booke; How Herrick beggs, if that he can-Not like the Muse, to love the man, Who by the shepheards sung, long since, The starre-led birth of Charles the Prince.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD. -

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these My many fresh and fragrant mistresses;
Lost to all musick now, since every thing
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the land to'th' heart, and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.

But if that golden age wo'd come again, And Charles here rule as he before did raign; If smooth and unperplext the seasons were, As when the sweet Maria lived here; I sho'd delight to have my curles halfe drown'd In Tyrian dewes, and head with roses crown'd, And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead) Knock at a starre with my exalted head.

TO VULCAN.

Thy sooty godhead I desire Still to be ready with thy fire, That sho'd my book despised be, Acceptance it might find of thee.

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

This is the height of justice, that to doe Thy selfe which thou put'st other men unto. As great men lead, the meaner follow on, Or to the good, or evil action.

PURPOSES.

No wrath of men or rage of seas Can shake a just mans purposes: No threats of tyrants, or the grim Visage of them can alter him; But what he doth at first entend, That he holds firmly to the end.

TO THE MAIDS, TO WALKE ABROAD.

Come sit we under yonder tree, Where merry as the maids we'l be; And as on primroses we sit, We'l venter (if we can) at wit: If not, at draw-gloves we will play, So spend some minutes of the day: Or else spin out the thread of sands, Playing at questions and commands, Or tell what strange tricks love can do, By quickly making one of two. Thus we will sit and talke: but tell No cruell truths of Philomell. Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc't on, To kill her selfe for Demophon. But fables we'l relate: how Jove Put on all shapes to get a love; As now a satyr, then a swan; A bull but then, and now a man. Next we will act how young men wooe, And sigh, and kiss, as lovers do; And talke of brides, and who shall make That wedding-smock, this bridal-cake;

That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
That smooth and silken columbine.
This done, we'l draw lots who shall buy
And guild the baies and rosemary;
What posies for our wedding rings,
What gloves we'l give, and ribanings;
And smiling at our selves, decree
Who then the joyning priest shall be;
What short sweet prayers shall be said,
And how the posset shall be made
With cream of lillies, (not of kine,)
And maiden's blush, for spiced wine.
Thus having talkt, we'l next commend
A kiss to each, and so we'l end.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied pilgrims once possest
Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest,
So I now, having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staffe and stay.
Youth, I confess, hath me mis-led;
But age hath brought me right to bed.

A NUPTIALL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH LEE, NOW LADY TRACIE.

Spring with the larke, most comely bride, and meet

Your eager bridegroome with auspitious feet. The morn's farre spent, and the immortall sunne Corrols his cheeke, to see those rites not done. Fie, lovely maid; indeed you are too slow, When to the temple love sho'd runne, not go. Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed: Then feast, and coy't a little; then to bed. This day is loves day, and this busic night Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight With such an arm'd, but such an easie foe, As will, if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too. The field is pitch't; but such must be your warres, As that your kisses must out-vie the starres. Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye Drown'd in the bloud of rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA. -

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee, The shooting starres attend thee;

* Rolls together, wrinkles for vexation or impatience.

And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o'th Wispe mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber
What though the moon do's slumber?
The starres of the night,
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare without number.

Then Julia let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soule I'le pour into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

GIVE me wine and give me meate, To create in me a heate, That my pulses high may beate. Cold and hunger never yet
Co'd a noble verse beget;
But your boules with sack repleat.

Give me these, my knight, and try In a minutes space how I Can runne mad, and prophesie.

Then if any peece proves new And rare, Ile say, my dearest Crew, It was full enspir'd by you.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

IF well the dice runne, lets applaud the cast: The happy fortune will not always last.

A KISSE.

WHAT is a kisse? Why this, as some approve; The sure sweet sement, glue, and lime of love.

GLORIE.

I MAKE no haste to have my numbers read: Seldom comes glorie till a man be dead.

POETS. -

Wantons we are; and though our words be such, Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living, not the dead: "Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

TO HIS VERSES.

What will ye, my poor orphans, do,
When I must leave the world and you?
Who'l give ye then a sheltering shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead?
Who'l let ye by their fire sit,
Although ye have a stock of wit,
Already coin'd to pay for it?
I cannot tell; unlesse there be
Some race of old humanitie
Left, of the large heart, and long hand,
Alive, as noble Westmoreland,
Or gallant Newark, which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not, expect to be no less
Ill us'd then babes left fatherless.

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

.Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere

That, with my lines, my life must full-stop here. Cut off thy haires, and let thy teares be shed Over my turfe, when I am buried.

Then for effusions, let none wanting be, Or other rites that doe belong to me,
As love shall help thee, when thou do'st go hence Unto thy everlasting residence.

UPON LOVE.

In a dreame, love bad me go
To the gallies there to rowe.
In the vision I askt why?
Love as briefly did reply,
'Twas better there to toyle then prove
The turmoiles they endure that love.

I awoke, and then I knew
What love said was too-too true:
Henceforth therefore I will be,
As from love, from trouble free.
None pities him that's in the snare,
And, warn'd before, wo'd not beware.

THE COBLER'S CATCH.

Come sit we by the fires side,
And roundly drinke we here,
Till that we see our cheekes ale-dy'd
And noses tann'd with beere.

UPON BRAN. EPIG.

What made that mirth last night? The neighbours say,

That Bran, the baker, did his breech bewray.

I rather thinke, though they may speak the worst,

'Twas to his batch but leaven laid there first.

UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

SNARE, ten i'th' hundred calls his wife, and why? She brings in much by carnall usury:
He by extortion brings in three times more.
Say, who's the worst, th' exactor, or the whore?

UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to the poore

He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.

CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT WEDDINGS.

CHORUS SACERDOTUM.

FROM the temple to your home May a thousand blessings come, And a sweet concurring stream Of all joyes, to joyn with them!

CHORUS JUVENUM.

Happy day,
Make no long stay
Here
In thy sphere;
But give thy place to night,
That she,
As thee,
May be
Partaker of this sight.
And since it was thy care
To see the younglings wed.
'Tis fit that night the paire
Sho'd see safe brought to bed.

CHORUS SENUM.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight, So as to rise still with an appetite. Love is a thing most nice, and must be fed To such a height, but never surfeited. What is beyond the mean is ever ill: 'Tis best to feed love, but not over-fill. Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure, And this remember, Vertue keepes the measure.

CHORUS VIRGINUM.

Luckie signes we have discri'd To encourage on the bride; And to these we have espi'd, Not a kissing Cupid flies Here about but has his eyes,—To imply your love is wise.

CHORUS PASTORUM.

Here we present a fleece,

To make a peece

Of cloth;

Nor, faire, must you be loth

Your finger to apply

To hyperiforio

To huswiferie.
Then, then begin
To spin,

And, sweetling, marke you what a web will come

Into your chests, drawn by your painfull thumb.

CHORUS MATRONARUM.

Set you to your wheele, and wax
Rich by the ductile wool and flax.
Yarne is an income, and the huswives thread
The larder fils with meat, the bin with bread.

CHORUS SENUM.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift, And not by any sordid shift:

'Tis haste Makes waste.

Extreames have still their fault; The softest fire makes the sweetest mault. Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand, Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

CHORUS VIRGINUM.

Goddesse of pleasure, youth, and peace, Give them the blessing of encrease: And thou Lucina, that do'st heare The vows of those that children beare, When as her Aprill houre drawes neare, Be thou then propitious there.

CHORUS JUVENUM.

Farre hence be all speech that may anger move: Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

CHORUS OMNIUM.

Live in the love of doves, and having told The ravens yeares, go hence more ripe then old.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

One night i'th'yeare, my dearest beauties come And bring those dew drink-offerings to my tomb When thence ye see my reverend ghost to rise, And there to lick th' effused sacrifice, Though palenes be the livery that I weare, Looke ye not wan or colourlesse for feare. Trust me, I will not hurt ye, or once shew The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you: Nor shall the tapers, when I'm there, burn blew. This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by, Cast on my girles a glance and loving eye: Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost, The world so soon, and in it you, the most. Then these, no feares more on your fancies fall, Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL violl Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it,
Of which who drank, he said no thought
Of love he sho'd admit.

I, greedy of the prize, did drinke, And emptied soon the glasse; Which burnt me so, that I do thinke The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again,
The christall I contemne;
Which, though enchas'd with pearls, contain
A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid! come not to My threshold, since I see, For all I have, or else can do, Thou still wilt cozen me.

UPON GANDER. EPIG.

SINCE Gander did his prettie youngling wed, Gander, they say, doth each night pisse a bed. What is the cause? Why, Gander will reply, No goose layes good eggs that is trodden drye.

UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

Lungs, as some say, ne'er sets him down to eate,
But that his breath do's fly-blow all the meate.

VOL. II. 2

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your store Give an almes to one that's poore, That your mickle may have more. Black I'm grown for want of meat: Give me then an ant to eate. Or the cleft eare of a mouse Over-sowr'd in drink of souce: Or, sweet lady, reach to me The abdomen of a bee: Or commend a cricket ship, Or his huckson,* to my scrip. Give, for bread, a little bit Of a pease that 'gins to chit,† And my full thanks take for it. Floure of fuz-balls, that's too good For a man in needy-hood: But the meal of mill-dust can Well content a craving man. Any orts the elves refuse Well will serve the beggars use. But if this may seem too much For an almes, then give me such Little bits that nestle there. In the pris'ners panier.

* Hock.

† To shoot as a seed.

So a blessing light upon You and mighty Oberon, That your plenty last till when I return your almes agen.

AN END DECREED.

LET's be jocund while we may: All things have an ending day; And when once the work is done, Fates revolve no flax th'ave spun.

UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stirre
Th' easie earth that covers her.

PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF nature do deny Colours, let art supply.

- FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appeare Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper: Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty spring Gives to each mead a neat enameling: The palms put forth their gemmes, and every tree Now swaggers in her leavy gallantry, The while the Daulian minstrell * sweetly sings. With warbling notes, her Tyrrean sufferings. What gentle winds perspire! As if here Never had been the northern plunderer, To strip the trees and fields to their distresse, Leaving them to a pitied nakednesse. And look how when a frantick storme doth tear A stubborn oake, or holme long growing there; But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees. So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil Our salt, our corn, our honie, wine, and oile, Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast His inconsiderate frenzie off, at last, The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease. Bring in her bill once more the branch of peace.

The Swallow.

THE HAG.

The hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devile and shee together,
Through thick, and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spurre,
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through bryars,
O're ditches and mires,
She followes the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But husht in his laire he lies lurking:
While mischeifs by these,
On land and on seas,
At noone of night are a working.

The storme will arise
And trouble the skies
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Cal'd out by the clap of the thunder.

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENCIARIR

TREAD, sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice fortie, bating but one year,
And thrice three weekes, he lived here:
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy residence.
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
(Which from his ghost a promise is,)
If here ye will some few teares shed,
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

UPON TEARES.

Teares, though th'are here below the sinners brine,

Above they are the angels spiced wine.

PHYSITIANS.

PHYSITIANS fight not against men; but these Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

Our houshold-gods our parents be, And manners good require that we The first fruits give to them, who gave Us hands to get what here we have.

UPON COB. EPIG.

Cob clouts his shooes, and as the story tells, His thumb-nailes par'd, afford him sperrables.*

UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

Sound teeth has Lucie, pure as pearl, and small, With mellow lips and luscious there withall.

UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

SKOLES stinks so deadly, that his breeches loath His dampish buttocks furthermore to cloath. Cloy'd they are up with arse; but hope one blast Will whirl about and blow them thence at last.

* Shoemakers' nails.

TO SILVIA.

I Am holy while I stand Circum-crost by thy pure hand; But when that is gone, again, I, as others, am prophane.

TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I goe hence, ye closet-gods, I feare
Never againe to have ingression here;
Where I have had what ever things co'd be
Pleasant and precious to my Muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
Co'd read the intext but my selfe alone.
About the cover of this book there went
A curious-comely, clean compartiement;
And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing, pretty-peeping rubelet.
But now 'tis clos'd; and being shut and seal'd,
Be it, O be it never more reveal'd!
Keep here still, closet-gods, 'fore whom I've set
Oblations oft of sweetest marmelet.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowle
Up to the brim,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonsons soule.

Crowne it agen, agen,
And thrice repeat
That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaffe, I see,

To th' number five,

Or nine; but thrive
In frenzie ne'r like thee.

LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt; None loseth that which he in time may get.

TO YOUTH. .

Drink wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may:

The morrowes life too late is; live to day.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

No man comes late unto that place from whence Never man yet had a regredience.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O you the virgins nine,
That doe our soules encline
To noble discipline,
Nod to this yow of mine!
Come then, and now enspire
My violl and my lyre
With your eternall fire,
And make me one entire
Composer in your quire.
Then Ile your altars strew
With roses sweet and new,
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

ON HIMSELFE.

ILE sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight:
Ile sing no more of frosts, snowes, dewes and
showers;

No more of groves, meades, springs, and wreaths of flowers:

Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing Of Cupid and his wittie coozning: Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave No more my dirges and my trentalls have.

UPON JONE AND JANE.

Jone is a wench that's painted;
Jone is a girle that's tainted;
Yet Jone she goes
Like one of those
Whom purity had sainted.

Jane is a girle that's prittie;
Jane is a wench that's wittie;
Yet who would think
Her breath do's stinke
As so it doth? That's pittie.

TO MOMUS.

Who read'st this book that I have writ, And can'st not mend, but carpe at it, By all the Muses! thou shalt be Anathema to it and me.

AMBITION.

In wayes to greatnesse think on this, That slippery all ambition is.

THE COUNTRY LIFE. TO THE HONOURED M. END. PORTER, GROOME OF THE BED CHAMRER TO HIS MAJ.

SWEET country life, to such unknown Whose lives are others, not their own! But, serving courts and cities, be Less happy, less enjoying thee. Thou never plow'st the oceans foame, To seek and bring rough pepper home; Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove To bring from thence the scorched clove; Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest, Bring'st home the ingot from the west. No, thy ambition's master-piece Flies no thought higher than a fleece: Or how to pay thy hinds,* and cleere All scores, and so to end the yeere: But walk'st about thine own dear bounds, Not envying others larger grounds: For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent Of land makes life, but sweet content. When now the cock, the plow-mans horne, Calls forth the lilly-wristed morne, Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe, Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know

Farm laborers.

That the best compost for the lands Is the wise masters feet and hands. There at the plough thou find'st thy teame. With a hind whistling there to them. And cheer'st them up, by singing how The kingdoms portion is the plow. This done, then to th' enameld meads Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads. Thou seest a present God-like power Imprinted in each herbe and flower, And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine, Sweet as the blossomes of the vine. Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat, Unto the dew-laps up in meat; And, as thou look'st, the wanton steere, The heifer, cow, and oxe draw neere To make a pleasing pastime there. These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks Of sheep, safe from the wolfe and fox, And find'st their bellies there as full Of short sweet grasse as backs with wool; And leav'st them, as they feed and fill, A shepherd piping on a hill. For sports, for pagentrie, and playes, Thou hast thy eves and holydayes; On which the young men and maids meet, To exercise their dancing feet, Tripping the comely country round, With daffadils and daisies crown'd.

Thy wakes, thy quintels,* here thou hast, The May-poles too with garlands grac't; Thy morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale; Thy sheering-feast; which never faile: Thy Harvest Home; thy wassaile bowle. That's tost up after Fox i'th' Hole: Thy mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide kings And queenes; thy Christmas revellings; Thy nut-browne mirth; thy russet wit, And no man payes too deare for it. To these thou hast thy times to goe And trace the hare i'th' trecherous snow: Thy witty wiles to draw, and get The larke into the trammell net: Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade To take the precious phesant made; Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then, To catch the pilfring birds, not men. O happy life! if that their good The husbandmen but understood: Who all the daye themselves doe please, And younglings, with such sports as these; And, lying down have nought t'affright Sweet sleep that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt.

 Quintel, or quintain, is a figure (or simply a plank) set up for tilters to run at, in mock resemblance of a tournament.

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kisse;
I dare not beg a smile;
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share Of my desire shall be, Onely to kisse that aire That lately kissed thee.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

When after many lusters thou shalt be
Wrapt up in seare-cloth with thine ancestrie;
When of thy ragged escutcheons shall be seene
So little left, as if they ne'er had been;
Thou shalt thy name have and thy fames best
trust,

Here with the generation of my just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the mistresse of my choice Cleane in manners, cleere in voice; Be she witty, more than wise; Pure enough, though not precise: Be she shewing in her dresse, Like a civill wilderness; That the curious may detect Order in a sweet neglect: Be she rowling in her eye, Tempting all the passers by; And each ringlet of her haire An enchantment, or a snare For to catch the lookers on, But her self held fast by none. Let her Lucrece all day be, Thais in the night, to me. Be she such, as neither will Famish me, nor over-fill.

UPON ZELOT.

Is Zelot pure? He is: ye see he weares The signe of circumcision in his eares.

THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

GROW for two ends; it matters not at all, Be't for my bridall or my buriall.

UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

FOR ropes of pearles, first Madam Ursly showes A chaine of cornes, pickt from her eares and toes: Then next to match Tradescant's curious shels, Nailes from her fingers mew'd,* she shewes: what els?

Why then, forsooth, a carcanet is shown Of teeth, as deaf† as nuts, and all her own.

UPON CRAB. EPIGR.

CRAB faces gownes with sundry furres; 'tis known,

He keeps the fox-furre for to face his own.

A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep?
To rise as soon as day doth peep?
To tire thy patient oxe or asse
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries?
No; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,
Without extortion, from thy soyle;
Thy faithful fields to yeeld thee graine,
Although with some, yet little paine;
To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,
With feares and cares uncumbered;

• Moulted, shed.

f Decayed.

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A pleasing wife, that by thy side Lies softly panting like a bride. This is to live, and to endeere Those minutes Time has lent us here. Then, while fates suffer, live thou free As is that ayre that circles thee, And crown thy temples too, and let Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat, To strut * thy barnes with sheafs of wheat. Time steals away like to a stream, And we glide hence away with them. No sound recalls the houres once fled. Or roses, being withered: Nor us, my friend, when we are lost, Like to a deaw or melted frost. Then live we mirthfull, while we should, And turn the iron age to gold. Let's feast and frolick, sing and play, And thus lesse last, then live, our day. Whose life with care is overcast. That man's not said to live, but last: Nor is't a life, seven years to tell, But for to live that half seven well. And that we'll do; as men who know, Some few sands spent, we hence must go, Both to be blended in the urn, , From whence there's never a return.

* Stretch, stuff.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee, Once past and gone, no more shall see.

LOVE.

This axiom I have often heard, Kings ought to be more lov'd then fear'd.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

Or lookt I back unto the times hence flown, To praise those Muses and dislike our own? Or did I walk those pean-gardens through, To kick the flow'rs and scorn their odours too? I might, and justly, be reputed here One nicely mad, or peevishly severe. But by Apollo! as I worship wit, Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it, So, I confesse, 'tis somwhat to do well In our high art, although we can't excell Like thee, or dare the buskins to unloose Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian Muse. But since I'm cal'd, rare Denham, to be gone, Take from thy Herrick this conclusion: Tis dignity in others, if they be Crown'd poets; yet live princes under thee:

The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine,

Less by their own jemms then those beams of thine.

A HYMNE TO THE LARES.

IT was, and still my care is, To worship ye, the Lares, With crowns of greenest parsley, And garlick chives not scarcely: For favours here to warme me. And not by fire to harme me; For gladding so my hearth here, With inoffensive mirth here: That while the wassaile bowle here With North-down ale doth troule here, No sillable doth fall here. To marre the mirth at all here. For which, o chimney-keepers! (I dare not call ye sweepers) So long as I am able To keep a countrey-table, Great be my fare, or small cheere. I'le eat and drink up all here.

DENIALL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTENING TO MEN.

Women, although they ne're so goodly make it, Their fashion is but to say no to take it.

ADVERSITY.

LOVE is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent, Adversity then breeds the discontent.

TO FORTUNE.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruines, smiling yet:
Teare me to tatters, yet I'le be
Patient in my necessitie:
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection:
Yet scare-crow like I'le walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

TO ANTHEA.

COME, Anthea, know thou this: Love at no time idle is. Let's be doing, though we play But at push-pin half the day. Chains of sweet bents * let us make, Captive one or both to take; In which bondage we will lie, Souls transfusing thus and die.

CRUELTIES.

NERO commanded, but withdrew his eyes From the beholding death and cruelties.

PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act? Ne're then give o're: No man despaires to do what's done before.

UPON HIS VERSES.

What off-spring other men have got, The how, where, when, I question not. These are the children I have left; Adopted some, none got by theft: But all are toucht, like lawfull plate, And no verse illegitimate.

* A coarse grass.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

KINGS must not oft be seen by public eyes: State at a distance adds to dignities.

HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other, as the learned hold, But a just measure both of heat and cold.

TO DIANEME. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

ILE to thee a simnell * bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering; †
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way; now, now my Charles shines here,

A publike light in this immensive sphere. Some starres were fixt before; but these are dim, Compar'd in this my ample orbe to him.

- * A kind of rich cake.
- † A custom of visiting parents on Mid-lent Sunday, and making them a present.

Draw in your feeble fiers, while that he Appeares but in his meaner majestie; Where, if such glory flashes from his name, Which is his shade, who can abide his flame! Princes, and such like public lights as these, Must not be lookt on but at distances: For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too neer, Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE rose was sick, and smiling di'd; And, being to be sanctifi'd, About the bed there sighing stood The sweet and flowrie sisterhood. Some hung the head, while some did bring, To wash her, water from the spring. Some laid her forth, while others wept; But all a solemne fast there kept. The holy sisters, some among, The sacred Dirge and Trentall sung. But ah! what sweets smelt every where, As Heaven had spent all perfumes there. At last, when prayers for the dead, And rites were all accomplished, They, weeping, spread a lawnie loome, And clos'd her up as in a tombe.

THE RAINBOW: OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizling raine,
And as they thus did entertaine
The gentle beams from Julia's sight
To mine eyes level'd opposite,
O thing admir'd! there did appeare
A curious rainbow smiling there;
Which was the covenant that she
No more wo'd drown mines eyes or me.

THE LAST STROKE STRIKE SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w'ave past, That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE'S a blind profuser of her own;
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

STOOL-BALL.

Ar stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar-cakes and wine;
Or for a transic let us pay,
The losse or thine or mine,

If thou, my deere, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

But if, my sweetest, I shall get,
Then I desire but this;
That likewise I may pay the bet,
And have for all a kisse.

TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time and play,
Love and live here while we may;
Drink rich wine, and make good cheere
While we have our being here;
For, once dead and laid i'th grave,
No return from thence we have.

ON POET PRAT. EPIGR.

Prat he writes satyres; but herein's the fault, In no one satyre there's a mite of salt.

BITING OF BEGGARS.

Who, railing, drives the lazar from his door, Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

UPON TUCK. EPIGR.

AT Post and Paire,* or Slam,* Tom Tuck would play

This Christmas, but his want wherwith says nay.

THE MAY-POLE.

THE May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'le drink to the garlands a-round it;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girles,
Whose husbands may Earles
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
And when that ye wed
To the bridall bed,
Then multiply all like to fishes.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of gallants, which approach To kisse thy hand from out the coach;

* A game at cards.

That fleet of lackeyes, which do run
Before thy swift postilion;
Those strong-hoof'd mules, which we behold
Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axeltree;
Thy wife, thy children, and the state
Of Persian loomes and antique plate:
All these and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee their sickly lord.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity hurts none, but onely such Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

WANT.

NEED is no vice at all; though here it be With men a loathed inconveniencie.

GRIEFE.

Sorrowes divided amongst many lesse Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

LOVE PALPABLE.

I PREST my Julia's lips, and in the kisse Her soule and love were palpable in this.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

NOTHING hard or harsh can prove Unto those that truly love.

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o'rethrown:

He's lord of thy life who contemnes his own.

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

TRIGG having turn'd his sute, he struts in state, And tells the world he's now regenerate.

UPON SMEATON.

How co'd Luke Smeaton weare a shoe or boot! Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot.

THE BRACELET OF PEARLE: TO SILVIA

I BRAKE thy bracelet 'gainst my will;
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposed then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost; and I will get
A richer pearle for thee,
Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet
Was drunk to Antonie.

Or, for revenge, Ile tell thee what
Thou for the breach shalt do;
First, crack the strings, and after that,
Cleave thou my heart in two.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

TIs said, as Cupid danc't among The gods, he down the nectar flung; Which, on the white rose being shed, Made it for ever after red.

KINGS.

Men are not born kings, but are men renown'd; Chose first, confirm'd next, and at last are crown'd.

FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

PREPOST'ROUS is that order, when we run To ask our wages e're our work be done.

TEARES AND LAUGHTER.

Knew'sr thou one moneth wo'd take thy life away, Thou'dst weep; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

GLORY.

GLORY no other thing is, Tullie sayes, Then a mans frequent fame spoke out with praise.

POSSESSIONS.

Those possessions short-liv'd are, Into the which we come by warre-

LAXARE FIBULAM.



To loose the buttons is no lesse Then to cast off all bashfulnesse.

HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

From the dull confines of the drooping west, To see the day spring from the pregnant east, Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie To thee, blest place of my nativitie! Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground, With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd. O fruitful genius! that bestowest here An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere. O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please All nations, customes, kindreds, languages! I am a free-born Roman; suffer then, That I amongst you live a citizen. London my home is; though by hard fate sent Into a long and irksome banishment; Yet since cal'd back; henceforward let me be, O native countrey, repossest by thee! For, rather then I'le to the west return. I'le beg of thee first here to have mine urn. Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall; Give thou my sacred reliques buriall.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Trs not ev'ry day that I
Fitted am to prophesie:
No; but when the spirit fils
The fantastick pannicles *
Full of fier, then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
Like the sybells, through the world.
Look how next the holy fier
Either slakes, or doth retire;
So the fancie cooles, till when
That brave spirit comes agen.

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortall men great loads allotted be; But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

1 Come, blithefull Neatherds, let us lay A wager who the best shall play, Of thee, or I, the roundelay, That fits the businesse of the day.

* Membranes (of the brain.)

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- Chor. And Lallage the judge shall be, To give the prize to thee, or me.
 - 2 Content; begin, and I will bet A heifer smooth and black as jet, In every part alike compleat, And wanton as a kid as yet.
- Chor. And Lallage, with cow-like eyes, Shall be disposeresse of the prize.
 - Against thy heifer, I will here
 Lay to thy stake a lustie steere,
 With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.
- Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare

 The soft, the sweet, the mellow note

 That gently puries from eithers out.
 - 2 The stakes are laid: let's now apply Each one to make his melody.
- Lal. The equal umpire shall be I, Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.
- Chor. Much time is spent in prate; begin,
 And sooner play, the sooner win.

 [He playes.
 - 1 That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse: Thou art a man of worthinesse.

But hark how I can now expresse

My love unto my Neatherdesse.

[He sings.

Chor. A suger'd note, and sound as sweet
As kine when they at milking meet.

- 1 Now for to win thy heifer faire, I'le strike thee such a nimble ayre, That thou shalt say thy selfe 'tis rare, And title me without compare.
- Chor. Lay by a while your pipes and rest, Since both have here deserved best.
 - 2 To get thy steerling, once again
 I'le play thee such another strain,
 That thou shalt swear my pipe do's raigne
 Over thine oat as soveraigne.

 [He sings.
- Chor. And Lallage shall tell by this,
 Whose now the prize and wager is.
 - 1 Give me the prize. 2. The day is mine.
 - Not so; my pipe has silenc't thine:
 And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
 They were mine own. Lal. In love combine.
- Chor. And lay we down our pipes together, As wearie, not o'recome by either.

TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the walls, or purple, that defends A prince from foes; but 'tis his fort of friends.

A PROGNOSTICK.

As many lawes and lawyers do expresse Nought but a kingdoms ill-affectednesse, Ev'n so those streets and houses do but show Store of diseases, where physitians flow.

UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

Wo'd ye oyle of blossomes get? Take it from my Julia's sweat. Oyle of lillies, and of spike? From her moysture take the like. Let her breath, or let her blow, All rich spices thence will flow.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle streame, that glides, Shov'd on by quick succeeding tides:

Trie if this sober streame you can Follow to th' wilder ocean;
And see, if there it keeps unspent
In that congesting element.
Next, from that world of waters, then
By poares and cavernes back agen
Induct that inadultrate same
Streame to the spring from whence it came.
This with a wonder * when ye do,—
As easie, and els easier too,
Then may ye recollect the graines
Of my particular remaines,
After a thousand lusters hurld
By ruffling winds about the world.

FAME.

'Tis still observ'd, that fame ne're sings The order but the sum of things.

BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

OFT bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do What others can't with all their strength put to.

Miracle.

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the roofe, great Genius, and from thence

Into this house powre downe thy influence,
That through each room a golden pipe may run
Of living water by thy benizon.
Fulfill the larders, and with strengthning bread
Be evermore these bynns replenished.
Next, like a bishop, consecrate my ground,
That luckie fairies here may dance their round:
And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
The masters charge and care to recompence.
Charme then the chambers; make the beds for
ease,

More then for peevish pining sicknesses. Fix the foundation fast, and let the roofe Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proofe.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

Though clock
To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
A cock
I have, to sing how day drawes on.
I have
A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
To save
That little fates me gave or lent.

A hen

I keep, which, creeking day by day, Tells when

She goes her long white egg to lay.

A goose

I have, which, with a jealous eare, Lets loose

Her tongue to tell what danger's neare.

A lamb

I keep (tame) with my morsells fed, Whose dam

An orphan left him (lately dead.)
A cat-

I keep, that playes about my house, Grown fat

With eating many a miching * mouse, To these,

A Trasy † I do keep, whereby
I please

The more my rurall privacie:

Which are

But toyes, to give my heart some ease:
Where care

None is, slight things do lightly please.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

In all thy need, be thou possest Still with a well-prepared brest,

* Thieving.

† His Spaniel.

Nor let the shackles make thee sad;
Thou canst but have, what others had.
And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.
Clouds will not ever powre down raine;
A sullen day will cleere againe.
First peales of thunder we must heare,
Then lutes and harpes shall stroke the eare.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

WHEN all birds els do of their musick faile, Money's the still sweet-singing nightingale.

UP TAILES ALL.

Begin with a kisse,
Go on too with this:
And thus, thus, thus let us smother
Our lips for a while,
But let's not beguile
Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,
Long enough has endur'd,
Since more and more is exacted;
For Love he doth call
For his uptailes-all;
And that's the part to be acted.

UPON FRANCK.

FRANCK wo'd go scoure her teeth; and setting to't, Twice two fell out, all rotten at the root.

UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

My Lucia in the deaw did go,
And prettily bedabled so,
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall
Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.
I follow'd after to descrie
Part of the nak't sincerity;
But still the envious scene * between
Deni'd the mask I wo'd have seen.

CHARON AND PHYLOMEL: A DIALOGUE SUNG.

- Ph. CHARON! O gentle Charon! let me wooe thee,
 - By teares and pitie now to come unto mee.
- Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I heare?
 - Say what thou art. Ph. I prithee first draw neare.
- Ch. A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see.

 Speak where thou art. Ph. O Charon, pittie me!
 - * Veil, screen.

- I am a bird, and though no name I tell, My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.
- Ch. What's that to me? I wast nor fish or fowles, Nor beasts, fond thing, but only humane soules.
- Ph. Alas for me! Ch. Shame on thy witching note,
 - That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my
 - But He return; what mischief brought thee hither?
- Ph. A deal of love, and much, much griefe together,
- Ch. What's thy request? Ph. That since she's now beneath
 - Who fed my life, I'le follow her in death.
- Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. Ph. By love I pray thee—
- Ch. Talk not of love: all pray, but few soules pay
- Ph. Ile give thee vows and tears. Ch. Can tears pay skores
 - For mending sails, for patching boat and oares?
- Ph. I'le beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,

 Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.
- Ch. Why then begin, and all the while we make Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian lake, Thou and I'le sing to make these dull shades merry.
 - Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my ferry.

UPON PAUL. EPIGR.

Pauls hands do give. What give they; bread, or meat,

Or money? No, but onely deaw and sweat.

As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so

Pauls hands do give; nought else for ought we
know.

UPON SIBB. EPIGR.

Sibb when she saw her face how hard it was, For anger spat on thee, her looking-glasse. But weep not, christall; for the shame was meant Not unto thee, but that thou didst present.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine, A little prop best fits a little vine, As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soyle, A little trade best fits a little toyle, As my small jarre best fits my little oyle. A little bin best fits a little bread, A little garland fits a little head, As my small stuffe best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chappell fits a little quire,
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little streame best fits a little boat, A little lead best fits a little float, As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie, As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye, This little pipkin fits this little jellie.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

THRICE happie roses, so much grac't to have Within the bosome of my love your grave, Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne; Your grave her bosome is, the lawne the stone.

MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

Maids nay's are nothing; they are shie But to desire what they denie.

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

THE gods require the thighes Of beeves for sacrifice; Which rosted, we the steam Must sacrifice to them: Who, though they do not eat, Yet love the smell of meat.

LOVERS, HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES ring they beare about them still,

To be, and not, seen when and where they will.

They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,

They fall like dew, but make no noise at all. So silently they one to th' other come, As colours steale into the peare or plum; And, aire-like, leave no pression to be seen, Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

TO WOMEN. TO HIDE THEIR TEETH, IF THEY BE ROTTEN OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you meane To be accounted inside cleane: For if you cleave them, we shall see There in your teeth much leprosie.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O JUPITER, sho'd I speake ill Of woman-kind, first die I will; Since that I know, 'mong all the rest Of creatures, woman is the best.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers Sappho went, And homeward she did bring, Within her lawnie continent, The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd, And sweetly blushing thus, She lookt as she'd been got with child By young Favonius.

Her apron gave, as she did passe, An odor more divine, More pleasing too, then ever was The lap of Proserpine.

THE CANDOR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

WHITE as Zenobias teeth, the which the girles
Of Rome did wear for their most precious pearls.

UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so, She seeme'd to quench loves fires that there did glow.

ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE by the river sate, and sitting there, She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

DELAY.

BREAK off delay, since we but read of one That ever prosper'd by cunctation.

TO SIR JOHN BERKELEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER.

STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made thee 'here

The Hector over aged Exeter;
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poore lady lost in widdowhood:
But feares not now to see her safety sold
(As other towns and cities were) for gold,

By those ignoble births which shame the stem
That gave progermination unto them:
Whose restlesse ghosts shall heare their children
sing,

Our sires betraid their countrey and their king. True, if this citie seven times rounded was With rock, and seven times circumflankt with brasse.

Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall proofe, The senators, down tumbling with the roofe, Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall, Leaving no shew where stood the capitoll. But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please Thy genius with two strength'ning buttresses, Faith, and Affection: which will never slip To weaken this thy great dictatorship.

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

Love love begets; then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee:
Tygers and beares, I've heard some say,
For profer'd love will love repay.
None are so harsh, but, if they find
Softnesse in others, will be kind.
Affection will affection move:
Then you must like, because I love.

REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatnesse? Then go on; Back-turning slackens resolution.

CONTENTION.

DISCREET and prudent we that discord call, That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CONSULTATION.

Consult ere thou begin'st: that done, go on With all wise speed for execution.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see, Rich or poore although it be, 'Tis a mistresse unto mee.

Be my girle or faire or browne, Do's she smile, or do's she frowne, Still I write a sweet-heart downe.

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Be she rough or smooth of skin, When I touch, I then begin For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare Locks incurl'd of other haire, I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent, So my fancie be content, She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane, Be she sluttish, be she cleane, I'm a man for ev'ry sceane.

OUR OWN SINS UNSEEN.

OTHER mens sins wee ever beare in mind: None sees the fardell of his faults behind.

NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

If little labour, little are our gaines:
Man's fortunes are according to his paines.

UPON SLOUCH.

SLOUCH, he packs up, and goes to sev'rall faires And weekly markets, for to sell his wares. Mean time that he from place to place do's rome, His wife her own ware sells as fast at home.

VERTUE BEST UNITED.

By so much vertue is the lesse, By how much neere to singlenesse.

THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye Betrayes the hearts adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO EXETER.

What fate decreed, time now ha's made us see;—A renovation of the west by thee.

That preternaturall fever, which did threat
Death to our countrey, now hath lost his heat;
And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
Th' unequall pulse to beat as heretofore.

Something there yet remaines for thee to do:
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
Go on with Sylla's fortune; let thy fate
Make thee, like him, this, that way fortunate.
Apollos image side with thee to blesse
Thy warre, discreetly made, with white successe!
Mean time thy prophets, watch by watch, shall pray,

While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the day.

That done, our smooth-pac't poems all shall be Sung in the high doxologie of thee.

Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curles from them

Receive, with songs, a flowrie diadem.

A SONG.

Burne, or drowne me; choose ye whether, So I may but die together:
Thus to slay me by degrees,
Is the height of cruelties.
What needs twenty stabs when one
Strikes me dead as any stone?
O shew mercy then, and be
Kind at once to murder mee.

PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

Princes and fav'rites are most deere, while they, By giving and receiving, hold the play: But the relation then of both growes poor, When these can aske, and kings can give no more.

EXAMPLES: OR LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and wee likely see, Such as the prince is, will his people be.

POTENTATES.

LOVE and the Graces evermore do wait Upon the man that is a potentate.

THE WAKE.

COME, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes
Are the junketts still at wakes:
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the businesse is the sport.

Morris-dancers thou shalt see, Marian too in pagentrie, And a mimick to devise Many grinning properties. Players there will be, and those Base in action, as in clothes: Yet with strutting they will please The incurious villages. Neer the dying of the day, There will be a cudgell-play, Where a coxcomb will be broke. Ere a good word can be spoke: But the anger ends all here, Drencht in ale, or drown'd in beere. Happy rusticks! best content With the cheapest merriment: And possesse no other feare, Then to want the wake next yeare.

THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH strowlings allow
To my sepulcher now,
To make my lodging the sweeter;
A staffe or a wand
Put then in my hand,
With a penny to pay S. Peter.

Who has not a crosse, Must sit with the losse, And no whit further must venture;
Since the porter, he
Will paid have his fee,
Or els'not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
Cant send for a gift
A pig to the priest for a roster,
Shall heare his clarke say,
By yea and by nay,
No pennie, no pater noster.

TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.

Non art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd Amongst mine honour'd thee almost the last. In great processions many lead the way To him who is the triumph of the day; As these have done to thee, who art the one, One onely glory of a million.

In whom the spirit of the gods do's dwell, Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell When this or that vast dinastie must fall Downe to a fillit * more imperiall; When this or that horne shall be broke, and when Others shall spring up in their place agen; When times and seasons and all yeares must lie Drown'd in the sea of wild eternitie;

* A victor's wreath. (?)

When the black dooms-day bookes (as yet unseal'd) Shall by the mighty angell be reveal'd; And when the trumpet which thou late hast found Shall call to judgment. Tell us when the sound Of this or that great Aprill day shall be, And next the gospell wee will credit thee. Meane time like earth-wormes we will craule below, And wonder at those things that thou dost know.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a virgin, and as sweet
As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.
Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,
The marble speaks it Mary Stone:
Who dying in her blooming yeares,
This stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
If, fragrant virgins, you'l but keep
A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
And praying, strew some roses on her,
You'l do my neice abundant honour.

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE

Or both our fortunes, good and bad, we find Prosperitie more searching of the mind: Felicitie flies o're the wall and fence, While misery keeps in with patience.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the bound of things, where e're we go: Fate gives a meeting, Death's the end of woe.

A CONJURATION: TO ELECTRA.

By those soft tods of wooll With which the aire is full; By all those tinctures there, That paint the hemisphere; By dewes and drisling raine, That swell the golden graine; By all those sweets that be I'th flowrie nunnerie: By silent nights, and the Three formes of Heccate; By all aspects that blesse The sober sorceresse, While juice she straines, and pith, To make her philters with; By time, that hastens on Things to perfection; And by your self, the best Conjurement of the rest; Omy Electra! be In love with none but me.

COURAGE COOL'D.

I cannot love as I lov'd before; For I'm grown old, and with mine age, grown poore. Love must be fed by wealth: this blood of mine Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

THE SPELL.

HOLY water come and bring; Cast in salt, for seasoning; Set the brush for sprinkling; Sacred spittle bring ye hither; Meale and it now mix together, And a little oyle to either: Give the tapers here their light; Ring the saints-bell, to affright Far from hence the evill sp'rite.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

GIVE me a cell,

To dwell

Where no foot hath
A path:
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied yeares
In teares.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MASTER of a house (as I have read)
Must be the first man up, and last in bed.
With the sun rising he must walk his grounds;
See this, view that, and all the other bounds:
Shut every gate, mend every hedge that's torne,
Either with old, or plant therein new thorne:
Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I sing thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy thyrse doth thwack us:
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we feare
No Brutus entring here,
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the lictors threat us,
We know they dare not beat us,
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy orgies sing,
Each cobler is a king,
Nor dreads he any thing:
And though he doe not rave,
Yet he'l the courage have
To call my Lord Maior knave.

Besides too, in a brave,*
Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And skirts that want their stiches,
And shewes his naked flitches,
Yet he'le be thought or seen
So good as George-a-Green; †
And calls his blouze; his queene,
And speaks in language keene.
O Bacchus! let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou shalt heare how we
Will chant new hymnes to thee.

UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

Pusse and her prentice both at draw-gloves play: That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day. At night they draw to supper; then, well fed, They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

Among disasters that discention brings, This not the least is, which belongs to kings. If wars goe well, each for a part layes claime: If ill, then kings, not souldiers, beare the blame.

- * In a flourishing mood, or, on an occasion of display.
- † The doughty Pinner of Wakefield.
- ‡ Red-faced wench.

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

Kings must not only cherish up the good, But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

ANGER.

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time; But heard with anger, we confesse the crime-

A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces!
That doe in publike places
Drive thence what ere encumbers
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces!
Who doe with sweet embraces
Shew they are well contented
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces!
Who do from sowre faces,
And lungs that wo'd infect me,
For evermore protect me.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

Honour to you who sit Neere to the well of wit, And drink your full of it!

Glory and worship be To you, sweet Maids thrice three! Who still inspire me,

And teach me how to sing Upon the lyrick string My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise, My priest-hood crown with bayes Green, to the end of dayes.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

When as in silks my Julia goes, Then, then, me thinks, how sweetly flowes That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see That brave vibration, each way free, O how that glittering taketh me!

MODERATION.

In things a moderation keepe: Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

TO ANTHEA.

LETS call for Hymen, if agreed thou art: Delays in love but crucifie the heart. Loves thornie tapers yet neglected lye: Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by. The nimble howers wooe us on to wed. And genius waits to have us both to bed. Behold, for us the naked Graces stay With maunds * of roses for to strew the way: Besides, the most religious prophet stands Ready to joyne as well our hearts as hands. Juno yet smiles; but if she chance to chide, Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroome and the bride. Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread The loss of what we call a maydenhead? Come, Ile instruct thee: know, the vestall fier Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

Baskets.

UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

In this little urne is laid
Prewdence Baldwin, once my maid;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite, And mad'st a promise that mine appetite Sho'd meet and tire on such lautitious * meat, The like not Heliogabalus did eat: And richer wine wo'dst give to me, thy guest, Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast. I came, tis true, and lookt for fowle of price,-The bastard phenix, bird of paradice; And for no less then aromatick wine Of maydens-blush, commixt with jessimine. Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet, Which wanting Lar and smoke, hung weeping wet. At last, i'th'noone of winter, did appeare A ragd soust neats-foot with sick vineger; And in a burnisht flagonet stood by Beere small as comfort, dead as charity.

* Magnificent.

At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food, How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood, I curst the master, and I damn'd the souce, And swore I got the ague of the house. Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire, I'le bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie merrie boyes,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand Light the new block, And For good successe in his spending, On your psaltries play, That sweet luck may Come while the log is a teending.*

Drink now the strong beere,
Cut the white loafe here,
The while the meate is a shredding
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

* Kindling, burning.

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CHRISTMASSE-EVE: ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thiefe, though ne'r so slie,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nie
To catch it

From him who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his eare,
And a deale of nightly feare
To watch it.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

Wash your hands, or else the fire Will not teend to your desire. Unwasht hands, ye maidens, know, Dead the fire, though ye blow.

ANOTHER.

Wassaile* the trees, that they may beare You many a plum and many a peare:
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
As you doe give them wassailing.

^{*} A custom practised on New Year's Eve, and still remembered in some parts of England. A troop of boys visit the orchards, and encircling the trees, repeat certain verses.

POWER AND PEACE.

'Tis never or but seldome knowne, Power and peace to keep one throne.

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE MAR-GARET FALCONBRIDGE.

Now is your turne, my dearest, to be set A jem in this eternall coronet.

'Twas rich before; but since your name is downe, It sparkles now like Ariadne's crowne.

Blaze by this sphere for ever: or this doe;

Let me and it shine evermore by you.

TO OENONE.

Sweet Oenone, doe but say Love thou dost, though Love sayes nay. Speak me faire; for lovers be Gently kill'd by flatterie.

VERSES.

Who will not honour noble numbers, when Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men?



HAPPINESSE.

THAT happines do's still the longest thrive, Where joyes and griefs have turns alternative.

THINGS OF CHOICE LONG A COMMING.

WE pray 'gainst warre, yet we enjoy no peace; Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I my selfe might likewise die, And utterly forgotten lye, But that eternall poetrie Repullulation gives me here Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere, When all now dead shall re-appeare.

UPON BICE.

BIGE laughs when no man speaks; and doth protest

It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

UPON TRENCHERMAN.

Tom shifts the trenchers; yet he never can Endure that lukewarm name of serving man. Serve or not serve, let Tom doe what he can, He is a serving, who's a trencherman.

KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a guest: Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went (as poets tell)
To fetch Euridice from hell;
And had her; but it was upon
This short, but strict, condition:
Backward he should not looke while he
Led her through hells obscuritie.
But ah! it hapned as he made
His passage through that dreadfull shade,
Revolve he did his loving eye,
For gentle feare, or jelousie,
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Euridice for ever.

UPON COMELY, A GOOD SPEAKER BUT AN ILL SINGER. EPIG.

COMELY acts well, and when he speaks his part, He doth it with the sweetest tones of art: But when he sings a psalme, ther's none can be More curst for singing out of tune then he.

ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

E'ENE all religious courses to be rich Hath been reherst by Joell Michelditch: But now perceiving that it still do's please The sterner fates to cross his purposes, He tacks about, and now he doth profess Rich he will be by all unrighteousness. Thus if our ship fails of her anchor hold, We'l love the divell, so he lands the gold.

UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD widdow Prouse to do her neighbours evill Wo'd give, some say, her soule unto the devill. Well, when sh'as kild that pig, goose, cock, or hen,

What wo'd she give to get that soule agen?

UPON PEARCH. EPIG.

THOU writes in prose, how sweet all virgins be; But ther's not one doth praise the smell of thee.

TO SAPHO.

Sapho, I will chuse to go
Where the northern winds do blow
Endlesse ice and endlesse snow,
Rather then I once wo'd see
But a winters face in thee,
To benumme my hopes and me.

TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN CROFTS, CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

FOR all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee
For the requitall, save this only one
Halfe of my just remuneration.
For since I've travail'd all this realm throughout,
To seeke and find some few immortals out
To circumspangle this my spacious sphere,
As lamps for everlasting shining here,
And having fixt thee in mine orbe a starre,
Amongst the rest both bright and singular,

The present age will tell the world thou art, If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part. As for the rest, being too great a summe Here to be paid, Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

This day, my Julia, thou must make For Mistresse Bride the wedding cake. Knead but the dow, and it will be To paste of almonds turn'd by thee: Or kisse it thou but once or twice, And for the bride-cake ther'l be spice.

TO BE MERRY.

Lets now take our time,
While w'are in our prime,
And old, old age is a farre off;
For the evill, evill dayes
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.

BURIALL.

MAN may want land to live in; but for all, Nature finds out some place for buriall.

LENITIE.

Trs the chyrurgions praise, and height of art, Not to cut off, but cure, the vicious part.

PENITENCE.

Wno after his transgression doth repent, Is halfe, or altogether, innocent.

GRIEFE.

Consider sorrowes, how they are aright: Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the sun Paints them with fresh vermilion;
So cherries blush, and Kathern * peares,
And apricocks, in youthfull yeares;
So corrolls looke more lovely red,
And rubies, lately polished;

* Catherine.

So purest diaper doth shine, Stain'd by the beams of clarret wine, As Julia looks when she doth dress Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

THE MEANE.

IMPARITIE doth ever discord bring:
The mean the musique makes in every thing.

HASTE HURTFULL.

HASTE is unhappy; what we rashly do Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too. Where war with rashnesse is attempted, there The soldiers leave the field with equal feare.

PURGATORY.

READERS, wee entreat ye pray
For the soule of Lucia,
That in little time she be
From her purgatory free:
In th' interim she desires
That your teares may coole her fires.

THE CLOUD.

SEEST thou that cloud that rides in state, Part ruby-like, part candidate?* It is no other then the bed Where Venus sleeps, halfe smothered.

UPON LOACH.

SEEAL'D up with night-gum, Loach each morning lyes,

Till his wife, licking, so unglews his eyes.

No question then, but such a lick is sweet,

When a warm tongue do's with such ambers meet.

THE AMBER BEAD.

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried:
The urne was little, but the room
More rich then Cleopatra's tombe.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCIE HERRICK.

When ere I go, or what so ere befalls Me in mine age, or forraign funerals,

* White.

This blessing I will leave thee, ere I go:—
Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dow.
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
And bake the floure of amber for thy bread.
Balm may thy trees drop, and thy springs runne
oyle,

And everlasting harvest crown thy soile. These I but wish for; but thy selfe shall see The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IMMORTALL clothing I put on, So soone as Julia, I am gon To mine eternall mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight Cloth'd all with incorrupted light: But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set In thy refulgent thronelet, That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Do's fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard fate:

Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.

Say, do's she frown? Still countermand her threats:

Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

TO THE PASSENGER.

Ir I lye unburied, sir,
These my reliques, pray interre.
'Tis religious part to see
Stones, or turfes to cover me.
One word more I had to say,
But it skills not; * go your way:
He that wants a buriall roome,
For a stone ha's heaven his tombe.

UPON NODES.

WHERE ever Nodes do's in the summer come, He prayes his harvest may be well brought home. What store of corn has carefull Nodes, thinke you, Whose field his foot is, and whose barn his shooe?

TO THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

This day is yours, Great Charles! and in this war

Your fate and ours alike victorious are.

* It is no matter.



In her white stole now victory do's rest
Enspher'd with palm on your triumphant crest.
Fortune is now your captive: other kings
Hold but her hands; you hold both hands and
wings.

TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN OR DAY-BREAKE.

By the next kindling of the day, My Julia, thou shalt see, Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say Ile come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy glasse,
Appeare thou to mine eyes
As smooth and nak't as she that was
The prime of Paradice.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through A lawn, that thou mayst looke
As purest pearles or pebles do,
When peeping through a brooke,

As lillies shrin'd in christall, so
Do thou to me appeare;
Or damask roses when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

COUNSELL.

'Twas Cesars saying, kings no lesse conquerors are By their wise counsell, then they be by warre.

BAD PRINCES PILL THEIR PEOPLE.

LIKE those infernall deities which eate
The best of all the sacrificed meate,
And leave their servants but the smoak and sweat,
So many kings, and primates, too, there are,
Who claim the fat and fleshie for their share,
And leave their subjects but the starved ware.

MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

In desp'rate cases, all or most are known Commanders; few for execution.

TO DIANEME.

I co'd but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretfull bee,
And I the javelin suckt away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns and bryars and stings I have in my poore brest, Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings My passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire

How thou canst sit and smile

To see me bleed, and not desire

To stench the blood the while.

If thou, compos'd of gentle mould,
Art so unkind to me,
What dismall stories will be told
Of those that cruell be?

UPON TAP.

Tap, (better known than trusted,) as we heare, Sold his old mothers spectacles for beere: And not unlikely; rather too then fail, He'l sell her eyes and nose for beere and ale.

HIS LOSSE.

All has been plundered from me but my wit; Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

DRAW AND DRINKE.

 \mathbf{Milk} stil your fountains and your springs; for why?

The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow dry.

UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

GIVE me a reason why men call Punchin a dry plant-animall. Because, as plants by water grow, Punchin by beere and ale spreads so.

TO OENONE.

Thou sayest Loves dart
Hath prickt thy heart,
And thou do'st languish too:
If one poor prick
Can make thee sick,
Say, what wo'd many do?

UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

Tom Blinks his nose is full of wheales, and these Tom calls not pimples, but pimpleides.

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Sometimes in mirth he sayes each whelk's a sparke, When drunke with beere, to light him home i'th' dark.

UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

PEAPES, he do's strut and pick his teeth, as if
His jawes had tir'd on some large chine of beefe.
But nothing so: the dinner Adam had
Was cheese full ripe with teares, with bread as
sad.

TO ELECTRA.

SHALL I go to Love and tell
Thou art all turn'd isicle?
Shall I say her altars be
Disadorn'd and scorn'd by thee?
O beware! in time submit;
Love has yet no wrathfull fit:
If her patience turns to ire,
Love is then consuming fire.

TO MISTRESSE AMIE POTTER.

At me! I love: give him your hand to kisse Who both your wooer and your poet is.

HESPERIDES.

Nature has pre-compos'd us both to love:
Your part's to grant, my scean must be to move the Deare, can you like, and liking love your poet?
If you say I,* blush-guiltinesse will shew it.
Mine eyes must wooe you, though I sigh the while:

True love is tonguelesse as a crocodile, And you may find in love these differing parts; Wooers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes, in bed of spice, Faire as Eve in Paradice. For her beauty, it was such Poets co'd not praise too much. Virgins, come, and in a ring Her supreamest † requiem sing; Then depart, but see ye tread Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a circle and an endlesse sphere, From good to good revolving here and there.

* i. e. ay.

† i. e. last.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTI'S no other but a lovely grace Of lively colours flowing from the face.

UPON LOVE.

Some salve to every sore we may apply, Only for my wound there's no remedy: Yet if my Julia kisse me, there will be A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

UPON HANCH, A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

Hanch, since he lately did interre his wife, He weepes and sighs, as weary of his life. Say, is't for reall griefe he mourns? Not so: Teares have their springs from joy as well as woe.

UPON PEASON, EPIG.

Long locks of late our zealot Peason weares:
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares;
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen
That stubble stands, where once large eares have been.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Make haste away, and let one be A friendly patron unto thee: Lest, rapt from hence, I see thee lye Torn for the use of pasterie; Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well To make loose gownes for mackarell; Or see the grocers in a trice, Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

READINESSE.

THE readinesse of doing doth expresse No other but the doer's willingnesse.

WRITING.

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to endite, And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

SOCIETY.

Two things do make society to stand;
The first commerce is, and the next command.

UPON A MAID.

Gone she is a long, long way, But she has decreed a day Back to come, and make no stay. So we keepe, till her returne, Here her ashes, or her urne.

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

For all our workes a recompence is sure: 'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

Why so slowly do you move
To the centre of your love?
On your niceness though we wait,
Yet the houres say 'tis late.
Coynesse takes us, to a measure,
But o'racted deads the pleasure.
Go to bed, and care not when
Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
One brave captain did command,
By his word, the sun to stand:
One short charme, if you but say,

Will enforce the moon to stay,.
Till you warn her hence away,
Tave your blushes seen by day.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COM-POSER OF HIS LYRICKS.

TOUCH but thy lire, my Harrie, and I heare
From thee some raptures of the rare gotire:
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I heare in thee the Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson. Tell me, can'st thou be
Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such three?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause;
Yet their three praises praise but one; that's
Lawes.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old.

Let me in my glasse behold

Whether smooth or not I be,

Or if haire remaines to me.

Well, or be't, or be't not so,

This for certainty I know;

Ill it fits old men to play,

When that death bids come away.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

Thou hast made many houses for the dead; When my lot calls me to be buried, For love or pittie, prethee let there be I'th' church-yard made one tenement for me.

TO ANTHEA.

ANTHEA, I am going hence
With some small stock of innocence,
But yet those blessed gates I see
Withstanding entrance unto me.
To pray for me doe thou begin,
The porter then will let me in.

NEED.

Who begs to die for feare of humane need Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.

TO JULIA.

I AM zeallesse; prethee pray For my well-fare, Julia, For I thinke the gods require Male perfumes, but female fire.

ON JULIA'S LIPS.

Sweet are my Julia's lips, and cleane As if o're washt in Hippocrene.

TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT no other thing is, poets say, Then the last part of night and first of day.

TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER J. JINCKS.

Love, love me now, because I place Thee here among my righteous race. The bastard slips may droop and die, Wanting both root and earth; but thy Immortall selfe shall boldly trust To live for ever with my just.

ON HIMSELFE.

If that my fate has now fulfill'd my yeere, And so soone stopt my longer living here,



What was't, ye gods! a dying man to save, But while he met with his paternall grave. Though while we living 'bout the world do roame, We love to rest in peacefull urnes at home, Where we may snug, and close together lye, By the dead bones of our deare ancestrie.

KINGS AND TYRANTS.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known;

Kings seek their subjects good, tyrants their owne.

CROSSES.

Our crosses are no other then the rods, And our diseases vultures, of the gods: Each griefe we feele, that likewise is a kite Sent forth by them our flesh to eate or bite.

UPON LOVE.

Love brought me to a silent grove,
And shew'd me there a tree
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold
That he reacht forth unto me,
No otherwise then if he would
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that neck-lace use, And told me too, he maketh A glorious end by such a noose, His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been There really alone, My desp'rate feares in love had seen Mine execution.

NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the priest and clark;

Jone as my lady is as good i'th' dark.

THE BODY.

THE body is the soules poor house or home, Whose ribs the laths are and whose flesh the loame.

TO SAPHO.

THOU saist thou lov'st me, Sapho: I say no: But would to Love I could believe 'twas so! Pardon my feares, sweet Sapho; I desire That thou be righteous found, and I the lyer.

OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE.

WE blame, nay, we despise, her paines
That wets her garden when it raines:
But when the drought has dri'd the knot,*
Then let her use the watring pot.
We pray for showers at our need,
To drench, but not to drown, our seed.

TO HIS BOOKE.

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere Those faces sower as vineger. For these, and nobler numbers, can Ne'r please the supercillious man.

* Parterre.

TO HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND, SIR THOMAS HEALE.

STAND, by the magick of my powerfull rhymes, 'Gainst all the indignation of the times. Age shall not wrong thee, or one jot abate Of thy both great and everlasting fate.

While others perish, here's thy life decreed, Because begot of my immortall seed.

THE SACRIFICE: BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND JULIA.

Herr. Come and let's in solemn wise

Both addresse to sacrifice.

Old religion first commands

That we wash our hearts and hands.

Is the beast exempt from staine,

Altar cleane, no fire prophane?

Are the garlands, is the nard

Ready here?

Jul. All well prepar'd:

With the wine that must be shed,
Twixt the hornes, upon the head
Of the holy beast we bring
For our trespasse-offering.

Herr. All is well; now next to these
Put we on pure surplices,
And, with chaplets crown'd, we'l rost
With perfumes the holocaust;

And, while we the gods invoke, Reade acceptance by the smoake.

TO APOLLO.

Thou mighty lord and master of the lyre, Unshorn Apollo, come and re-inspire My fingers so the lyrick-strings to move, That I may play and sing a hymne to love.

ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of warre: hence those who feare! No cowards must his royall ensignes beare.

ANOTHER.

WHERE love begins, there dead thy first desire:
A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.

AN HYMNE TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway, With whom the sea-nimphs play, And Venus, every way; When I embrace thy knee,
And make short pray'rs to thee,
In love then prosper me.
This day I goe to wooe;
Instruct me how to doe
This worke thou put'st me too.
From shame my face keepe free,
From scorne I begge of thee,
Love, to deliver me:
So shall I sing thy praise,
And to thee altars raise
Unto the end of daies.

TO ELECTRA.

LET not thy tomb-stone e're be laid by me, Nor let my herse be wept upon by thee; But let that instant when thou dy'st be known The minute of mine expiration: One knell be rung for both, and let one grave To hold us two an endlesse honour have.

HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED.

My soule would one day goe and seeke For roses, and in Julia's cheeke A richess of those sweets she found, As in an other Rosamond. But gathering roses as she was, Not knowing what would come to passe, It chanst a ringlet of her haire Caught my poore soule as in a snare; Which ever since has been in thrall; Yet freedome shee enjoyes withall.

FACTIONS.

THE factions of the great ones call To side with them, the commons all.

KISSES LOATHSOME.

I ABHOR the slimic kisse,
Which to me most loathsome is.
Those lips please me which are plac't
Close, but not too strictly lac't.
Yeilding I wo'd have them, yet
Not a wimbling * tongue admit:
What sho'd poking-sticks † make there,
When the ruffe is set elsewhere?

^{*} Boring, like an auger.
† Sticks for adjusting the plaits of a ruff.

UPON REAPE.

REAPES eyes so rawe are, that it seems the flyes Mistake the flesh, and fly-blow both his eyes; So that an angler, for a daies expence, May baite his hooke with maggots taken thence.

UPON TEAGE.

TEAGE has told lyes so long, that when Teage tells

Truth, yet Teages truths are untruths, nothing else.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE, BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN NET.

Tell me, what needs those rich deceits,
These golden toyles and trammel-nets,
To take thine haires, when they are knowne
Already tame, and all thine owne?
'Tis I am wild, and more then haires
Deserve these mashes and those snares.
Set free thy tresses; let them flow
As aires doe breathe or winds doe blow;
And let such curious net-works be
Lesse set for them then spred for me.

VOL. II.

UPON TRUGGIN.

TRUGGIN a footman was; but now, growne lame, Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

LOVE in a showre of blossomes came
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same.
The blooms that fell were white and red;
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether, this I cannot tell,
My sight was pleas'd more or my smell:
But true it was, as I rowl'd there
Without a thought of hurt or feare,
Love turn'd himselfe into a bee,
And with his javelin wounded me.
From which mishap this use I make:
Where most sweets are, there lyes a snake:
Kisses and favours are sweet things,
But those have thorns and these have stings.

UPON SPENKE.

SPENKE has a strong breath, yet short prayers saith;

Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

NAUGHT are all women: I say no,
Since for one bad one good I know.
For Clytemnestra most unkind,
Loving Alcestis there we find:
For one Medea that was bad,
A good Penelope was had:
For wanton Lais, then we have
Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave:
And thus through woman-kind we see
A good and bad. Sirs, credit me.

UPON LULLS.

Lulls swears he is all heart, but you'l suppose By his probossis that he is all nose.

SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one lord, but he Who many serves serves base servility.

CHARMES.

Bring the holy crust of bread, Lay it underneath the head; 'Tis a certain charm to keep Hags away while children sleep.

ANOTHER.

LET the superstitious wife
Neer the child's heart lay a knife;
Point be up, and haft be downe:
While she gossips in the towne,
This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the hag, you must doe this: Commix with meale a little pisse Of him bewitcht, then forthwith make A little wafer or a cake; And this, rawly bak't, will bring The old hag in: no surer thing.

ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

Hang up hooks and sheers to scare Hence the hag that rides the mare, Till they be all over wet With the mire and the sweat: This observ'd, the manes shall be Of your horses all knot-free.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

Down with the rosemary and bayes,
Down with the misleto;
In stead of holly, now up-raise
The greener box for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;

Let box now domineere,
Until the dancing Easter-day

Or Easters eve appeare.

Then youthfull box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne
To honour Whitsontide.

Green rushes then and sweetest bents,
With cooler oken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments
To re-adorn the house.
Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then Till sunne-set let it burne; Which quencht, then lay it up agen, Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend •
The Christmas log next yeare;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischiefe there.

UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

END now the white loafe and the pye, And let all sports with Christmas dye.

SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits; but physitians call That surfeit tooke by bread the worst of all

* Kindle.

UPON NIS.

Nis, he makes verses; but the lines he writes Serve but for matter to make paper-kites.

TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

Wo'd I wooe thee, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my worke begin?
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound?
Wo'd I frustrate or prevent
All aspects malevolent;
Thwart all wizzards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies;
Place my words, and all works else,
In most happy parallels?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kist or blest by thee.

JULIA'S CHURCHING OR PURIFICATION.

Pur on thy holy fillitings, and so To th' temple with the sober midwife go. Attended thus in a most solemn wise By those who serve the child-bed misteries, Burn first thine incense; next, when as thou see'st The candid * stole thrown ore the pious priest, With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring Thy free and not decurted offering.

All rites well ended, with fair auspice come, As to the breaking of a bride-cake, home; Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee Provide a second epithalamie.

She who keeps chastly to her husband's side Is not for one, but every night his bride; And stealing still with love and feare to bed, Brings him not one, but many a maiden-head.

TO HIS BOOK.

Before the press scarce one co'd see A little peeping part of thee;
But since th'art printed, thou dost call To shew thy nakedness to all.
My care for thee is now the less,
Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness:
Go with thy faults and fates; yet stay
And take this sentence, then away;
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
She'l runne to all adulteries.

* White.

TEARES.

Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou mayst move

Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

TO HIS FRIEND, TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

Words beget anger, anger brings forth blowes, Blowes make of dearest friends immortall foes. For which prevention, sociate, let there be Betwixt us two no more logomachie: Farre better 'twere for either to be mute, Then for to murder friendship by dispute.

TRUTH.

TRUTH is best found out by the time and eyes: Falsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.

UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

PRICKLES is waspish, and puts forth his sting
For bread, drinke, butter, cheese; for every thing
That Prickles buys puts Prickles out of frame:
How well his nature's fitted to his name!

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

WE credit most our sight: one eye doth please Our trust farre more than ten eare-witnesses.

WANT.

Want is a softer wax, that takes thereon This, that, and every base impression.

TO A FRIEND.

LOOKE in my book, and herein see Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me. We o're the tombes and fates shall flye, While other generations dye.

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSITIAN.

Sho'd I not put on blacks, when each one here Comes with his cypresse and devotes a teare? Sho'd I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute, Violl, and voice is by thy losse struck mute? Thy loss, brave man, whose numbers have been hurl'd,

And no less prais'd then spread throughout the world.

Some have thee call'd Amphion; some of us Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus; Some this, some that; but all in this agree, Musique had both her birth and death with thee.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my Silvia ranne away,
And running therewithall
A primrose banke did cross her way,
And gave my love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say
What I by chance did see;
But such the drap'ry did betray
That fully ravisht me.

THE HONY-COMBE.

Ir thou hast found an honie-combe, Eate thou not all, but taste on * some: For if thou eat'st it to excess, That sweetness turnes to loathsomness. Taste it to temper; † then 'twill be Marrow and manna unto thee.

* Qu. of. † i. e. to moderation.

VPON BEN. JOHNSON.

HERE lyes Johnson with the rest' Of the poets, but the best. Reader, wo'dst thou more have known? Aske his story, not this stone. That will speake what this can't tell Of his glory: so farewell.

AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH BEN!
Say how or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyrick feasts
Made at the sun,
The dog, the triple tunne?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben!
Or come agen,
Or send to us
Thy wits great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;

Lest we that tallent spend,

And having once brought to an end

That precious stock, the store

Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

UPON A VIRGIN.

SPEND, harmless shade, thy nightly houres Selecting here both herbs and flowers; Of which make garlands here and there, To dress thy silent sepulchre.

Nor do thou feare the want of these
In everlasting properties:
Since we fresh strewings will bring hither
Farre faster than the first can wither.

BLAME.

In battailes what disasters fall, The king he bears the blame of all.

A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

Ponder my words, if so that any be Known guilty here of incivility: Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd. Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew Demure, but yet full of temptation too. Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please Unless they have some wanton carriages. This if ye do, each piece will here be good And graceful made by your neate sisterhood.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold
I freeze as fast and shake for cold.
And in good faith I'd thought it strange
T'ave found in me this sudden change,
But that I understood by dreames,
These only were but Loves extreames;
Who fires with hope the lover's heart,
And starves with cold the self-same part.

MULTITUDE.

WE trust not to the multitude in warre, But to the stout, and those that skilfull are.

FEARE.

Man must do well out of a good intent; Not for the servile feare of punishment.

TO M. KELLAM.

What! can my Kellam drink his sack
In goblets to the brim,
And see his Robin Herrick lack,
Yet send no boules to him?

For love or pitie to his Muse,

That she may flow in verse,

Contemne to recommend a cruse,

But send to her a tearce.

HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A HEARTY WISH TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

First, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision such a store,
Till that the cooke cries Bring no more.
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beere at all;
But like full clouds may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.
Next, let the lord and ladie here
Enjoy a christning yeare by yeare;
And this good blessing back them still,
T'ave boyes, and gyrles too, as they will.



Then from the porch may many a bride Unto the holy temple ride,
And thence return, short prayers seyd,
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the bride and bridegroome be Untoucht by cold sterility;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in lusters few they may,
By laughing too and lying downe,
People a city or a towne.

CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

THE lictors bundl'd up their rods; beside, Knit them with knots, with much adoe unty'd; That if, unknitting, men wo'd yet repent, They might escape the lash of punishment.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

MEN are suspicious, prone to discontent: Subjects still loath the present government.

REST REFRESHES.

LAY by the good a while; a resting field Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield.

Trees this yeare beare; next, they their wealth with-hold;

Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.

REVENGE.

Mans disposition is for to requite An injurie before a benefite: Thanksgiving is a burden and a paine; Revenge is pleasing to us as our gaine.

THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

In all our high designments, 'twill appeare The first event breeds confidence or feare.

BEGINNING DIFFICULT.

HARD are the two first staires unto a crowne; Which got, the third bids him a king come downe.

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

FAITH is a thing that's four-square; let it fall This way or that, it not declines at all.

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THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

Praise they that will times past, I joy to see My selfe now live: this age best pleaseth mee.

CLOATHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

THOUGH from without no foes at all we feare, We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

CRUELTY.

Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad kings For to delight in wounds and murderings. As some plants prosper best by cuts and blows, So kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

Teares quickly drie; griefes will in time decay; A cleare will come after a cloudy day.

HUNGER.

Aske me what hunger is, and Ile reply 'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

In this misfortune kings doe most excell;
To heare the worst from men when they doe well.

THE END.

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend; 'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

THE BONDMAN.

BIND me but to thee with thine haire,
And quickly I shall be
Made by that fetter or that snare
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,

Then bore me through the eare;

And by the law I ought to stay

For ever with thee here.

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

GIVE house-roome to the best: 'tis never known Vertue and pleasure both to dwell in one.

TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespasse, Silvia; I confesse My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse. None is discreet at all times; no, not Jove Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and love.

FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

Smooth was the sea, and seem'd to call To prettie girles to play withall; Who padling there, the sea soone frown'd, And on a sudden both were drown'd. What credit can we give to seas, Who, kissing, kill such saints as these?

HIS WISH.

FAT be my hinde; unlearned be my wife; Peaceful my night; my day devoid of strife: To these a comely off-spring I desire, Singing about my everlasting fire.

UPON JULIA'S WASHING HER SELF IN THE RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see My Julia wash her self in thee! So lillies thorough christall look,
So purest pebbles in the brook,
As in the river Julia did,
Halfe with a lawne of water hid.
Into thy streames my self I threw,
And struggling there I kist thee too;
And more had done, it is confest,
Had not the waves forbad the rest.

A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

THOUGH frankinsense the deities require, We must not give all to the hallowed fire: Such be our gifts, and such be our expence, As for our selves to leave some frankinsence.

UPON CLUNN.

A ROWLE of parchment Clunn about him beares, Charg'd with the armes of all his ancestors;
And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon
That bar, this bend; that fess, this cheveron;
This manch, that moone; this martlet, and that mound;

This counterchange of perle and diamond. What joy can Clunn have in that coat or this, When as his owne still out at elboes is?

þ

UPON CUPID.

Love like a beggar came to me With hose and doublet torne; His shirt bedangling from his knee, With hat and shoes out-worne.

He askt an almes; I gave him bread, And meat too for his need; Of which when he had fully fed, He wisht me all good speed.

Away he went; but as he turn'd, In faith I know not how, He toucht me so, as that I burn And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames and fires obscure Then crept into my heart, And though I saw no bow, I'm sure His finger was the dart.

VPON BLISSE.

BLISSE, last night drunk, did kisse his mother's knee:

Where he will kisse next drunk conjecture ye.

VPON BURR.

BURR is a smell-feast, and a man alone That where meat is will be a hanger on.

VPON MEGG.

MEGG yesterday was troubled with a pose,*
Which this night hardned, sodders up her nose.

AN HYMNE TO LOVE.

I WILL confesse
With cheerfulnesse,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day
Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry
It ah! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

* Rheum.

No, no, Ile be
In fetters free;
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for paine,
Ile entertaine
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee:
Which done, no more
Ile come before
Thee and thine altars emptie.

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,
Words fully flowing, yet of influence,
Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
Worthy the publique admiration:
Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe
write,

And giv'st our numbers euphonie and weight;
Tel'st when a verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not, borne of the royall-blood.
What state above, what symmetrie below,
Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst
show.

For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be, Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee. Long may I live so, and my wreath of bayes Be lesse anothers laurell then thy praise.

WOMEN USELESSE.

What need we marry women, when Without their use we may have men, And such as will in short time be For murder fit, or mutinie? As Cadmus once a new way found, By throwing teeth into the ground, From which poore seed, and rudely sown, Sprung up a war-like nation,—So let us yron, silver, gold, Brasse, leade, or tinne throw into th' mould, And we shall see in little space Rise up of men a fighting race. If this can be, say then, what need Have we of women or their seed?

LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

Love is a sirrup, and who er'e we see Sick and surcharg'd with this satietie, Shall by this pleasing trespasse quickly prove, Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.



LEVEN.

Love is a leven, and a loving kisse The leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

REPLETION.

Physitians say repletion springs

More from the sweet then sower things.

ON HIMSELFE.

WEEPE for the dead, for they have lost this light; And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night: Or mourne, or make a marble verse for me Who writ for many. Benedicite.

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY

No man such rare parts hath that he can swim, If favour or occasion helpe not him.

ON HIMSELFE.

Lost to the world, lost to my selfe, alone Here now I rest under this marble stone, In depth of silence, heard and scene of none.

TO M. LEONARD WILLAN, HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live thou throughout the world:
Who art a man for all sceanes; unto whom,
What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome;
Can'st write the comick, tragick straine, and fall
From these to penne the pleasing pastorall;
Who fli'st at all heights, prose and verse run'st
through,

Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse too. For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse, Because thy selfe art comming to the presse; And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow, Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. JOHN HALL, STUDENT OF GRAYES-INNE.

Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring Thee lesse to taste then to drink up their spring, That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be,

A poet, or a poet like, but thee?

What was thy birth, thy starre that makes thee

knowne

At twice ten yeares a prime and publike one? Tell us thy nation, kindred, or the whence Thou had'st and hast thy mighty influence, That makes thee lov'd and of the men desir'd, And no lesse prais'd then of the maides admir'. Put on thy laurell then, and in that trimme Be thou Apollo, or the type of him; Or let the unshorne god lend thee his lyre, And next to him be master of the quire.

TO JULIA.

Offer thy gift; but first the law commands Thee, Julia, first to sanctifie thy hands. Doe that, my Julia, which the rites require; Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH FINCH.

Handsome you are, and proper you will be, Despight of all your infortunitie. Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse In that your owne prefixed comelinesse. Spend on that stock, and when your life must fall, Leave others beauty to set up withall.

UPON RALPH.

RALPH pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes, and Ralph
In sev'rall tills and boxes keepes 'em safe,
Instead of harts-horne, if he speakes the troth,
To make a lustic gellic for his broth.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Ir hap it must that I must see thee lye,
Absyrtus-like, all torne confusedly,
With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,
Ile re-collect thee, weeping, part by part,
And having washt thee, close thee in a chest
With spice: that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMP-TON-COURT.

Set and Sung.

Welcome, great Cesar, welcome now you are, As dearest peace after destructive warre;

Welcome as slumbers, or as beds of ease After our long and peevish sicknesses. O pompe of glory! welcome now, and come To re-possess once more your long'd-for home. A thousand altars smoake, a thousand thighes Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice. Enter and prosper, while our eyes doe waite For an ascendent throughly auspicate; * Under which signe we may the former stone Lay of our safeties new foundation. That done, O Cesar! live, and be to us Our fate, our fortune, and our genius, To whose free knees we may our temples tye As to a still protecting deitie: That sho'd you stirre, we and our altars too May, Great Augustus, goe along with you. Chor. Long live the king! and to accomplish this.

We'l from our owne adde far more years to his.

ULTIMUS HEROUM: OR, TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY, MARQUESSE OF DORCHESTER.

And as time past when Cato the severe Entred the circumspacious theater, In reverence of his person every one Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone, E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be If but lookt on; struck dead, if scan'd by thee.

* Auspicious.

TO HIS MUSE: ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

Tell that brave man, fain thou wo'dst have access To kiss his hands; but that for fearfullness, Or else because th'art like a modest bride, Ready to blush to death sho'd he but chide.

UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other, I define, Then the dead corps or carkase of the wine.

UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the postern comes, His teeth all out, to rince and wash his gummes.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, M. JO. HARMAR, PHI SITIAN TO THE COLLEDGE OF WESTMINSTER.

When first I find those numbers thou do'st write To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite; Next, when I see thee towring in the skie In an expansion no less large then high; Then in that compass sayling here and there, And with circumgyration every where

Following with love and active heate thy game, And then at last to truss the epigram; I must confess, distinction none I see Between Domitians Martiall then and thee: But this I know, should Jupiter agen Descend from heaven to re-converse with men, The Romane language, full and superfine, If Jove wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see For shape and service spaniell like to thee. This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one Teare that deserves of me a million.

THE DELUGE.

DROWNING, drowning I espie
Coming from my Julia's eye.
'Tis some solace in our smart
To have friends to beare a part;
I have none; but must be sure
Th' inundation to endure.
Shall not times hereafter tell
This for no meane miracle,
When the waters by their fall
Threatn'd ruine unto all?
Yet the deluge here was known
Of a world to drowne but one.

UPON LUPES.

LUPES for the outside of his suite has paide, But for his heart, he cannot have it made; The reason is, his credit cannot get The inward carbage for his cloathes as yet.

RAGGS.

What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents, But the base dregs and lees of vestiments?

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

Let kings and rulers learne this line from me; Where power is weake, unsafe is majestie.

UPON TUBBS.

For thirty yeares Tubbs has been proud and poor;
Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

CRUTCHES.

THOU seest me, Lucia, this yeare droope;
Three zodiaks fill'd more I shall stoope.
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Let crutches then provided be To shore up my debilitie: Then while thou laugh'st, Ile sighing crie, A ruine underpropt am I. Do'n will I then my beadsmans gown, And when so feeble I am grown, As my weake shoulders cannot beare The burden of a grasshopper, Yet with the bench of aged sires, When I and they keep tearmly fires, With my weake voice I'le sing or say Some odes I made of Lucia. Then will I heave my wither'd hand To Jove the mighty for to stand Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe Upon thee many a benizon.

TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring
For the sacred sprinkling;
Baptize me and thee, and so
Let us to the altar go,
And, ere we our rites commence,
Wash our hands in innocence.
Then I'le be the Rex Sacrorum,
Thou the queen of peace and quorum.

UPON CASE.

Cask is a lawyer that near pleads alone;
But when he hears the like confusion
As when the disagreeing commons throw
About their house their clamorous I or no,
Then Case, as loud as any serjant there,
Cries out, My Lord, my Lord, the case is clear.
But when all's husht, Case, then a fish more mute,
Bestirs his hand but starves in hand the suite.

TO PERENNA.

I A DIRGE will pen for thee, Thou a trentall make for me; That the monks and fryers together Here may sing the rest of either. Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have Candlemas to grace the grave.

TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK.

THE person crowns the place; your lot doth fall Last, yet to be with these a principall. How ere it fortuned, know for truth I meant You a fore-leader in this testament.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

This stone can tell the storie of my life: What was my birth, to whom I was a wife, In teeming years how soon my sun was set, Where now I rest, these may be known by jet. For other things, my many children be The best and truest chronicles of me.

ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

Grow up in beauty as thou do'st begin, And be of all admired, Tomasin.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the rosemary, and so Down with the baies and misletoe; Down with the holly, ivie, all Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall; That so the superstitious find No one least branch there left behind: For look, how many leaves there be Neglected there, maids, trust to me, So many goblins you shall see.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

He that will live of all cares dispossest, Must shun the bad, I,* and suspect the best.

UPON SPOKES.

SPOKES, when he sees a rosted pig, he swears Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears: But carve to him the fat flanks, and he shall Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO: HERRICK, WHO DESIRED TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

Welcome to this my colledge, and though late Th'ast got a place here, standing candidate, It matters not, since thou art chosen one Here of my great and good foundation.

A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO: LACON AND THYRSIS.

Lacon. For a kiss or two, confesse
What doth cause this pensiveness,

* Ay.

Thou most lovely neat-heardesse?
Why so lonely on the hill?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That ere while was heard so shrill?

Tell me, do thy kine now fail To fulfill the milkin-paile? Say, what is't that thou do'st aile?

Thyr. None of these; but out, alas!

A mischance is come to pass,
And I'le tell thee what it was.
See! mine eyes are weeping ripe

Lacon. Tell, and I'le lay down my pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steere,

That to me was far more deer

Then these kine which I milke here.

Broad of fore-head, large of eye,
Party colour'd like a pie;
Smooth in each limb as a die,
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,
Sharply pointed as a thorn,
With a neck by yoke unworn;
From the which, hung down by strings
Balls of cowslips, daisie rings,
Enterplac't with ribbanings.
Faultless every way for shape;
Not a straw co'd him escape;
Ever gamesome as an ape,

But yet harmless as a sheep.

Pardon, Lacon, if I weep;

Tears will spring, where woes are deep.

Now, ai me! ai me! last night

Came a mad dog, and did bite,

I, and kil'd my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief! Thyr. But I'le be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call Me and my sad play-mates all, To his ev'ning funerall. Live long, Lacon, so adew!

Lacon. Mournfull maid, farewell to you: Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

UPON SAPHO.

LOOK upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear There is a love-like leven rising there.

UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how Faunus, he the shepheards god, His wife to death whipt with a mirtle rod. The rod, perhaps, was better'd by the name; But had it been of birch, the death's the same.

THE QUINTELL.*

UP with the quintill, that the rout May fart for joy as well as shout: Either's welcome, stinke or civit, If we take it as they give it.

A BACHANALIAN VERSE.

DRINKE up
Your cup,
But not spill wine;
For if you
Do,
'Tis an ill signe,
That we
Foresee
You are cloy'd here:
If so, no
Hoe,
But avoid here.

CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

Care keeps the conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne To keepe a citie, then to winne a towne.

* Quintain.

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

MEN must have bounds how farre to walke, for we Are made farre worse by lawless liberty.

TO BIANCHA.

AH Biancha! now I see
It is noone and past with me.
In a while it will strike one;
Then, Biancha, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offer'd on my holy grave;
Then, Biancha, let me rest
With my face towards the east.

TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE POTTER.

As is your name so is your comely face,
Toucht every where with such diffused grace,
As that in all that admirable round
There is not one least solecisme found;
And as that part, so every portion else,
Keepes line for line with beauties parallels.

ANACREONTIKE.

I must Not trust Here to any; Bereav'd, Deceiv'd By so many. As one Undone By my losses, Comply Will I With my crosses. Yet still I will Not be grieving, Since thence And hence Comes relieving. But this Sweet is In our mourning, Times bad And sad Are a turning; And he Whom we

See dejected, Next day Wee may See erected.

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are That are most modest ere they come to warre.

NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE CHARGE.

Why sho'd we covet much, when as we know W'ave more to beare our charge then way to go?

ANACREONTICK VERSE.

BRISK methinks I am and fine,
When I drinke my capring wine:
Then to love I do encline,
When I drinke my wanton wine:
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drinke my sprightly wine:
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drinke my frolick wine:
But I languish, lowre, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

UPON PENNIE.

Brown bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of right,

Because his stock will not hold out for white.

PATIENCE IN PRINCES,

KINGS must not use the axe for each offence: Princes cure some faults by their patience.

FEARE GETS FORCE.

DESPAIRE takes heart when ther's no hope to speed:

The coward then takes armes and do's the deed.

PARCELL-GIL'T POETRY.

LET's strive to be the best; the gods, we know it, Pillars, and men, hate an indifferent poet.

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

- I BRING ye Love. Quest. What will Love do?

 Ans. Like and dislike ye.
- I bring ye Love. Quest. What will Love do?

 Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.
- I bring ye Love. Quest. What will Love do?

 Ans. Love will befoole ye.
- I bring ye Love. Quest. What will Love do?

 Ans. Heate ye to coole ye.
- I bring ye Love. Quest. What will Love do?

 Ans. Love gifts will send ye.
- I bring ye Love. Quest. What will Love do?

 Ans. Stock ye to spend ye.
- I bring ye Love. Quest. What will Love do?

 Ans. Love will fulfill ye.
- I bring ye Love. Quest. What will Love do?

 Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that Which wee and times to come shall wonder at. Lift up thy sword; next, suffer it to fall, And by that one blow set an end to all.

HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private Grange
Spend I my life that's subject unto change;
Under whose roofe with mosse-worke wrought,
there I
Kisse my brown wife and black posterity.

LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

When to a house I come and see
The genius wastefull more then free;
The servants thumblesse, yet to eat
With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate;
The sonnes to suck the milke of kine,
More then the teats of discipline;
The daughters wild and loose in dresse;
Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse;
The husband drunke; the wife to be
A baud to incivility;
I must confesse, I there descrie
A house spred through with leprosie.

GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

This rule of manners I will teach my guests:
To come with their own bellies unto feasts;

Not to eat equal portions, but to rise Farc't * with the food that may themselves suffice.

ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

Anthea laught, and fearing lest excesse
Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse,
She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face,
And cal'd each line back to his rule and space.

COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

BE not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe; Thy fall is but the rising to a crowne.

SEEKE AND FINDE.

ATTEMPT the end and never stand to doubt; Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

REST.

On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly prest;

Labour is held up by the hope of rest.

* Stuffed.

LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

When flowing garments I behold
Enspir'd with purple, pearle, and gold,
I think no other but I see
In them a glorious leprosie
That do's infect and make the rent
More mortall in the vestiment.
As flowrie vestures doe descrie
The wearers rich immodestie,
So plaine and simple cloathes doe show
Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.

UPON BUGGINS.

Buggins is drunke all night, all day he sleepes; This is the levell-coyle * that Buggins keeps.

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

To an old soare a long cure must goe on; Great faults require great satisfaction.

* Riotous noise; properly the name of a rough game.

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

You aske me what I doe and how I live? And, noble friend, this answer I must give: Drooping I draw on to the vaults of death, Or'e which you'l walk when I am laid beneath.

THE BEGGER.

SHALL I a daily begger be,
For loves sake asking almes of thee?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit?
Ah cruell maides! Ile goe my way
Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
Finde out a threshold or a doore
That may far sooner speed the poore:
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

BASTARDS.

Our bastard-children are but like to plate

Made by the coyners illegitimate.

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HIS CHANGE.

My many cares and much distress Has made me like a wilderness; Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude And all confused multitude; Out of my comely manners worne, And, as in meanes, in minde all torne.

THE VISION.

Me thought I saw, as I did dreame in bed,
A crawling vine about Anacreon's head.
Flusht was his face; his haires with oyle did shine;
And, as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.
Tipled he was, and tipling lispt withall,
And lisping reeld, and reeling, like to fall.
A young enchantresse close by him did stand
Tapping his plump thighes with a mirtle wand:
She smil'd, he kist; and kissing cull'd* her too;
And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.
For which, me thought, in prittie anger she
Snatcht off his crown and gave the wreath to
me:

Since when, me thinks, my braines about doe swim,

And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

* Embraced.

A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight Of my dearest deare last night; Make her this day smile on me, And Ile roses give to thee.

ON HIS BOOKE.

THE bound, almost, now of my book I see, But yet no end of those therein or me. Here we begin new life; while thousands quite Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

A SONNET OF PERILLA.

THEN did I live when I did see
Perilla smile on none but me;
But ah! by starres malignant crost,
The life I got I quickly lost:
But yet a way there doth remaine
For me embalm'd to live againe;
And that's to love me, in which state
Ile live as one regenerate.

BAD MAY BE BETTER.

MAN may at first transgress but next do well: Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.

POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the printing presse run fast: Since after death comes glory, Ile not haste.

RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

What's got by justice is establish sure: No kingdomes got by rapine long endure.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

What needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints?
In endlesse mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.

She sees no teares, Or any tone Of thy deep grone She heares: Nor do's she minde, Or think on't now, That ever thou Wast kind. But chang'd above, She likes not there, As she did here, Thy love. Forbeare therefore. And lull asleepe Thy woes, and weep No more.

UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet
Boreman,
For all the divell helps, will be a poore man.

SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER TWELTH DAY.

PARTLY worke and partly play Ye must on S. Distaffs day:

From the plough soone free your teame,
Then come home and fother them.
If the maides a spinning goe,
Burne the flax and fire the tow:
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-haire.
Bring in pailes of water then,
Let the maides bewash the men.
Give S. Distaffe all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good night;
And next morrow, every one
To his owne vocation.

SUFFERANCE.

In the hope of ease to come, Let's endure one martyrdome.

HIS TEARES TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand:
Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
To bath in thee, as thousand others doe:
No more shall I a long thy christall glide,
In barge with boughes and rushes beautifi'd.

With soft-smooth virgins for our chast disport,
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court:
Never againe shall I with finnie ore
Put from or draw unto the faithfull shore,
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster,
Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nimphs and curious water dames
With swan-like state flote up and down thy
streams:

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
To make them leane, and languishing at all:
No ruffling winds come hither to discease *
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naides.
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
Grow young with tydes, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever.

PARDONS.

THOSE ends in war the best contentment bring Whose peace is made up with a pardoning.

PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

GREAT cities seldome rest: if there be none Tinvade from far, they'l find worse foes at home.

Disturb (disease) or dispossess, (disseize.)



TRUTH AND ERROUR.

Twixt truth and errour there's this difference known;
Errour is fruitfull, truth is onely one.

THINGS MORTALL STILL MUTABLE.

THINGS are uncertain, and the more we get, The more on yeie pavements we are set.

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

Studies themselves will languish and decay, When either price or praise is ta'ne away.

WIT PUNISHT PROSPERS MOST.

Dread not the shackles; on with thine intent; Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

TWELFE NIGHT OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes With the cake full of plums, Where beane's * the King of the sport here;
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revell as Queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here
Be a King by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day Queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drinke,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lambs-wool;†
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger.

^{*}A bean and a pea were put into the Twelfth Cake, and the persons who found these in their slices were to be King and Queen for the night.

[†] The pulp of roasted apples worked up with ale.

Give then to the King
And Queene wassailing,
And though with ale ye be whet here,
Yet part ye from hence
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

HIS DESIRE.

GIVE me a man that is not dull When all the world with rifts is full, But, unamaz'd, dares clearely sing When as the roof's a tottering, And though it falls, continues still Tickling the citterne with his quill.

CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

Know when to speake; for many times it brings Danger to give the best advice to kings.

MODERATION.

LET moderation on thy passions waite:
Who loves too much too much the lov'd will hate.

ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

STILL take advice; though counsels, when they flye At randome, sometimes hit most happily.

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

CONFORMITY gives comelinesse to things, And equall shares exclude all murmerings.

LAWES.

Who violates the customes hurts the health Not of one man, but all the commonwealth.

THE MEANE.

Tis much among the filthy to be clean; Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

LIKE will to like, each creature loves his kinde; Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.

HIS HOPE OR SHEAT-ANCHOR.

Among these tempests great and manifold My ship has here one only anchor-hold; That is my hope; which if that slip, I'm one Wildred in this vast watry region.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

Tis no discomfort in the world to fall, When the great crack not crushes one, but all.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is no other thing we say, Then night now gone, and yet not sprung the day.

FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears blacks, and mournes not for the dead,

Do's but deride the party buried.

THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR CONSENT MAKES THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate but the ill Is halfe way cured, if the party will.

DIET.

Ir wholesome diet can re-cure a man, What need of physick or physitian?

SMART.

STRIPES justly given yerk * us with their fall, But causelesse whipping smarts the most of all.

THE TINKERS SONG.

Along, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of tinkers,
And quaffe up a bowle
As big as a cowle
To beer-drinkers.
The pole of the hop
Place in the ale-shop
To bethwack us,
If ever we think
So much as to drink
Unto Bacchus.
Who frolick will be,
For little cost he
Must not vary

Make us wince.

From beer-broth at all, So much as to call For Canary.

TO ANTHEA.

Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
The primrose sick, and sickly every thing.
The while my deer Anthea do's but droop,
The tulips, lillies, daffadills do stoop;
But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,
Each bending then will rise a proper flower.

HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life
Is that I never yet had wife;
Nor will hereafter; since I know
Who weds ore-buyes his weal with woe.

NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now if you love me, tell me; For, as I will not sell ye, So not one cross * to buy thee He give, if thou deny me.

* Any piece of money was so called, coins being often marked with a cross on one side.

SINCERITY.

Wash clean the clean vessell, lest ye soure What ever liquor in ye powre.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JO. WICKS.

SINCE shed or cottage I have none, I sing the more that thou hast one; To whose glad threshold and free door I may a poet come, though poor, And eat with thee a savory bit, Paying but common thanks for it. Yet sho'd I chance, my Wicks, to see An over-leven look in thee. To soure the bread, and turn the beer To an exalted vineger; Of thrice boyl'd worts, or third days fish; Or sho'dst thou prize me as a dish I'de rather hungry go and come, Then to thy house be burdensome. Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be One that sho'd drop his beads for thee.

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

Who may do most, do's least: the bravest will Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall; After leaves, the tree must fall.

A GOOD DEATH.

For truth I may this sentence tell: No man dies ill that liveth well.

RECOMPENCE.

Who plants an olive but to eate the oile? Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.

ON FORTUNE.

This is my comfort, when she's most unkind; She can but spoile me of my meanes, not mind.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF THE CIVILL LAW.

I HAVE my laurel chaplet on my head, If 'mongst these many numbers to be read But one by you be hug'd and cherished. Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where Your judgement finds a guilty poem, there Be you a judge; but not a judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over; none contemne; The good applaud; the peccant lesse condemne, Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the publique fight, And in my booke now claim a two-fold right; The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.

CHARMES.

This Ile tell ye by the way, Maidens, when ye leavens lay; Crosse your dow, and your dispatch Will be better for your batch.

ANOTHER.

In the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes.
Next be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water farre:
For as farre as that doth light,
So farre keepes the evill spright.
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ANOTHER.

Ir ye feare to be affrighted,
When ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket, for a trust,
Carrie nothing but a crust:
For that holy piece of bread
Charmes the danger and the dread.

GENTLENESSE.

That prince must govern with a gentle hand, Who will have love comply with his command.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND MISTRESSE ELIZA. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF AMARILLIS.

My dearest love, since thou wilt go
And leave me here behind thee,
For love or pitie let me know
The place where I may find thee.

Amaril. In country meadowes pearl'd with dew,
And set about with lillies;
There filling maunds * with cowslips you
May find your Amarillis.

* Baskets.

Her. What have the meades to do with thee,

Or with thy youthfull houres?
Live thou at court, where thou mayst be
The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
With poesies; since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest jemmes to shine,
And like the starres to glitter.

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
A shepheardess so homely.

Her. Believe it, dearest, ther's not one
I'th' court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. Amaril. I must away.

Lets kiss first, then we'l sever.

Ambo. And though we bid adieu to day,

We shall not part for ever.

TO JULIA.

HELP me, Julia, for to pray,
Mattens sing, or mattens say:
This I know, the fiend will fly
Far away, if thou beest by.
Bring the holy-water hither;
Let us wash and pray together:
When our beads are thus united,
Then the foe will fly affrighted.

UPON GORGONIUS.

Unto Pastillus ranke Gorgonius came,
To have a tooth twitcht out of's native frame.
Drawn was his tooth; but stanke so, that some
say

The barber stopt his nose and ranne away.

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

Roses, you can never die; Since the place wherein ye lye, Heat and moisture mixt are so, As to make ye ever grow.

TO THE HONOURED, MASTER ENDIMION PORTER.

When to thy porch I come, and ravisht see The state of poets there attending thee, Those bardes and I all in a chorus sing, We are thy prophets, Porter, thou our king.

SPEAKE IN SEASON.

WHEN times are troubled, then forbeare; but speak When a cleare day out of a cloud do's break.

OBEDIENCE.

THE power of princes rests in the consent Of onely those who are obedient: Which if away, proud scepters then will lye Low, and of thrones the ancient majesty.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

No man so well a kingdome rules as he Who hath himselfe obaid the soveraignty.

OF LOVE.

- 1. Instruct me now what love will do.
- 2. 'Twill make a tongless man to wooe.
- 1. Inform me next what love will do.
- 2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too.
- 1. Teach me besides what love wil do.
- 2. 'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.
- 1. Tell me now last what love will do.
- 2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

UPON DOL.

No question but Dols cheeks wo'd soon rost dry, Were they not basted by her either eye.

UPON TRAP.

TRAP, of a player, turn'd a priest now is; Behold a suddaine metamorphosis. If tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scean, And from a priest turne player once again.

UPON GRUBS.

GRUBS loves his wife and children, while that they Can live by love, or else grow fat by play:
But when they call or cry on Grubs for meat,
Instead of bread, Grubs gives them stones to eat.
He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
His wife and children fast to death for fear.

UPON HOG.

Hog has a place i'th' kitchen, and his share The flimsie livers and blew gizzards are.

THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY, THE MIS TRESSE OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MISTRESSE PORTMAN.

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see Out of my self that glorious hierarchie, Or whether those, in orders rare, or these Made up one state of sixtie Venuses, Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were, Or muses, on their mountaine sitting there, Or some enchanted place, I do not know, Or Sharon, where eternall roses grow. This I am sure: I ravisht stood, as one Confus'd in utter admiration. Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move, And look as all were capable of love, And in their motion smelt much like to flowers Enspir'd by th' sun-beams after dews and showers. There did I see the reverend Rectresse stand. Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand, Those spirits rais'd, and with like precepts then, As with a magick, laid them all agen. A happy realme, when no compulsive law, Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe. Live you, great mistresse of your arts, and be A nursing mother so to majesty, As those your ladies may in time be seene, For grace and carriage, every one a queene. One birth their parents gave them, but their new And better being they receive from you. Mans former birth is gracelesse; but the state Of life comes in when he's regenerate.

TO PERENNA.

Thou say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be, Ile whet my lips and sharpen love on thee.

ON HIMSELFE.

LET me not live, if I not love; Since I as yet did never prove Where pleasures met, at last doe find All pleasures meet in woman-kind.

ON LOVE.

That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last Where war and peace the dice by turns doe cast.

ANOTHER ON LOVE.

Love's of it self too sweet; the best of all Is when loves honey has a dash of gall.

UPON GUT.

Science puffs up, sayes Gut, when either pease Make him thus swell, or windy cabbages.

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE pleasures rule a kingdome, never there Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

UPON CHUB.

WHEN Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries, Aha, my boyes, heres wheat for Christmas pies! Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat, That at the tide he has not bread to eate.

ON HIMSELF.

A WEARIED pilgrim, I have wandered here Twice five and twenty, bate me but one yeer. Long I have lasted in this world, tis true, But yet those yeers that I have liv'd but few. Who by his gray haires doth his lusters tell Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well. One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he Of all those three-score has not liv'd halfe three: He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.

READ thou my lines, my Swetnaham; if there be A fault, 'tis hid if it be voic't by thee.

Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please; How will it drop pure hony, speaking these?

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

Why do'st thou wound and break my heart,
As if we sho'd for ever part?
Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
After a day, or two, or three,
I wo'd come back and live with thee?
Take, if thou do'st distrust that vowe,
This second protestation now.
Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd teare
Which sits as dew of roses there,
That teare shall scarce be dri'd before
Ile kisse the threshold of thy dore.
Then weepe not, sweet, but thus much know:
I'm halfe return'd before I go.

ON HIMSELFE.

I WILL no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay;
The way of all flesh is
That I must go this day.
Since longer I can't live,
My frolick youths, adieu!
My lamp to you Ile give,
And all my troubles too.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN, MASTER MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

Nor thinke that thou in this my booke art worst, Because not plac't here with the midst or first:
Since fame that sides with these, or goes before Those, that must live with thee for evermore.
That fame, and fames rear'd pillar, thou shalt see In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee.
Fix on that columne then and never fall, Held up by Fames eternall pedestall.

TO HIS GIRLES, WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFULL.

ALAS! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome, aged now.
Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, winter-like, to frost and snow;
And I ere long, my girles, shall see
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

TRUTH by her own simplicity is known: Falsehood by varnish and vermillion.

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,
To chafe o're much the virgins cheek or eare.
Beg for my pardon, Julia; he doth winne
Grace with the gods who's sorry for his sinne.
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
And go with me to chuse my buriall roome.
My fates are ended; when thy Herrick dyes,
Claspe thou his book, then close thou up his eyes.

ON HIMSELFE.

One eare tingles: some there be, That are snarling now at me. Be they those that Homer bit, I will give them thanks for it.

UPON SPUR.

Spur jingles now, and sweares by no meane oathes, He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes, Most like his suite, and all commend the trim, And thus they praise the sumpter, but not him: As to the goddesse people did conferre Worship, and not to th' asse that carried her.

UPON KINGS.

Kings must be dauntlesse; subjects will contemne Those who want hearts and weare a diadem.

TO HIS GIRLES.

Wanton wenches, do not bring For my haires black colouring: For my locks, girles, let 'em be Gray or white, all's one to me.

TO HIS BROTHER NICHOLAS HERRICK.

What others have with cheapnesse seene and ease In varnisht maps, by'th' helpe of compasses, Or reade in volumes, and those bookes, with all Their large narrations, incannonicall, Thou hast beheld those seas and countries farre, And tel'st to us what once they were, and are. So that with bold truth thou canst now relate This kingdomes fortune and that empire's fate; Canst talke to us of Sharon, where a spring Of roses have an endlesse flourishing; Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them, Make knowne to us the new Jerusalem;

The Mount of Olives, Calverie, and where Is, and hast seene, thy Saviours sepulcher. So that the man that will but lay his eares, As inapostate, to the thing he heares, Shall by his hearing quickly come to see The truth of travails lesse in bookes then thee.

THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

RARE is the voice it selfe; but when we sing To'th' lute or violl, then 'tis ravishing.

WARRE.

Ir kings and kingdomes once distracted be, The sword of war must trie the soveraignty.

A KING AND NO KING.

THAT prince who may doe nothing but what's just Rules but by leave, and takes his crowne on trust.

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

ALL are not ill plots that doe sometimes faile, Nor those false vows which oft times don't prevaile.

FLATTERIE.

WHAT is't that wasts a prince? Example showes 'Tis flatterie spends a king more then his foes.

UPON RUMPE.

RUMPE is a turne-broach, yet he seldome can Steale a swolne sop out of the dripping pan.

UPON SHOPTER.

OLD Widow Shopter, when so ere she cryes, Lets drip a certain gravie from her eyes.

UPON DEB.

If felt and heard, unseen, thou dost me please; If seen, thou lik'st me, Deb, in none of these.

EXCESSE.

EXCESSE is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why? Vertue's clean conclave is sobriety.



UPON CROOT.

ONE silver spoon shines in the house of Croot, Who cannot built or steale a second to't.

THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

THE body's salt, the soule is; which when gon, The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

UPON FLOOD: OR A THANKFULL MAN.

FLOOD, if he has for him and his a bit,
He sayes his fore and after grace for it:
If meate he wants, then grace he sayes to see
His hungry belly borne by legs jaile-free.
Thus have, or have not, all alike is good
To this our poore, yet ever patient, Flood.

UPON LUSKE.

In Den'shire kerzie Lusk, when he was dead, Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried. When his assignes askt him the reason why, He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

UPON PIMPE.

WHEN Pimpes feet sweat, as they doe often use, There springs a sope-like lather in his shoos.

FOOLISHNESSE.

In's Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

UPON RUSH

RUSH saves his shooes in wet and snowie wether, And feares in summer to weare out the lether. This is strong thrift that warie Rush doth use, Summer and winter still to save his shooes.

ABSTINENCE.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence Is the defensive vertue, abstinence.

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

WHEN feare admits no hope of safety, then Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

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SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no reliefe, An equal mind is the best sauce for griefe.

TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold:
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with cold.
Let's trie of us who shall the first expire;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire.
Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,
And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.

DISTRUST.

WHAT ever men for loyalty pretend, 'Tis wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.

THE HAGG.

The staffe is now greas'd,
And very well pleas'd,
She cocks out her arse at the parting,
To an old ram goat,
That rattles i' th' throat,
Half choakt with the stink of her farting.

In a dirtie haire lace,
She leads on a brace
Of black bore-cats to attend her,
Who scratch at the moone,
nd threaten at noone
Of night from heaven for to rend her.

A hunting she goes,
A crackt horne she blowes,
At which the hounds fall a bounding;
While th' moone in her sphere
Peepes, trembling for feare,
And night's afraid of the sounding.

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

AFTER thy labour, take thine ease Here with the sweet Pierides. But if so be that men will not Give thee the laurell crowne for lot, Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one Not subject to corruption.

ON HIMSELFE.

It's write no more of love, but now repent
Of all those times that I in it have spent.
Ile write no more of life, but wish twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe thou forth, my booke, though late, Yet be timely fortunate.

It may chance good-luck may send Thee a kinsman, or a friend That may harbour thee, when I With my fates neglected lye.

If thou know'st not where to dwell, See, the fier's by: Farewell.

THE END OF HIS WORKE.

Part of the worke remaines; one part is past, And here my ship rides having anchor cast.

TO CROWNE IT.

My wearied barke, O let it now be crown'd! The haven reacht to which I first was bound.

ON HIMSELFE.

THE worke is done. Young men and maidens, set

Upon my curles the mirtle coronet,
Washt with sweet ointments: thus at last I come

To suffer in the muses martyrdome: But with this comfort; if my blood be shed, The muses will weare blackes when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

Fames pillar here at last we set,
Out-during marble, brasse, or jet;
Charm'd and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow
Of overthrow:
Nor shall the seas,
Or o u trages
Of storms orebear
What we up-rear.
Tho kingdoms fal,
This pillar never shall
Decline or waste at all,
But stand for ever by his owne

To his book's end this last line he'd have plac't: Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chast.

FINIS.

NOBLE NUMBERS,

OR

HIS PIOUS PIECES:

Wherein (amongst other things)

He sings the Birth of his Christ:

and sighes for his Saviours

suffering on the

Crosse.

Hesion.

Ίδμεν ψεύδεα πολλά λέγειν ετύμοισιν όμοία. Ίδιμεν δ' εὐτ' εθέλωμεν, άληθέα μυθησασθαι.

HIS NOBLE NUMBERS, OR HIS PIOUS PIECES.

HIS CONFESSION.

LOOK how our foule dayes do exceed our faire:
And as our bad more then our good works are,
Ev'n so those lines, pen'd by my wanton wit,
Treble the number of these good I've writ.
Things precious are least num'rous: men are
prone

To do ten bad, for one good action.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

For those my unbaptized rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book, that is not thine.
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

TO FINDE GOD.

WEIGH me the fire; or canst thou find A way to measure out the wind; Distinguish all those floods that are Mixt in that watrie theater, And tast thou them as saltlesse there. As in their channell first they were; Tell me the people that do keep Within the kingdomes of the deep; Or fetch me back that cloud againe, Beshiver'd into seeds of raine: Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares Of corn, when summer shakes his eares; Shew me that world of starres, and whence They noiselesse spill their influence: This if thou canst, then shew me him That rides the glorious cherubim.

WHAT GOD IS.

God is above the sphere of our esteem, And is the best known, not defining him.

UPON GOD.

God is not onely said to be An ens, but supraentitie.

MERCY AND LOVE.

God hath two wings which 'He doth ever move, The one is Mercy, and the next is Love: Under the first the Sinners ever trust, And with the last he still directs the Just.

GODS ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

God, when he's angry here with any one, His wrath is free from perturbation; And when we think his looks are sowre and grim, The alteration is in us, not him.

GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED.

"Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend Him as he is is labour without end.

AFFLICTION.

God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert, Though he may seem to over-act his part: Sometimes he strikes us more then flesh can beare, But yet still lesse then grace can suffer here.

GODS PART.

PRAYERS and praises are those spotlesse two Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

THREE FATALL SISTERS.

THREE fatall sisters wait upon each sin: First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

SILENCE.

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue, to walk: God, the most wise, is sparing of his talk.

MIRTH.

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin:
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

LOADING AND UNLOADING.

God loads and unloads: thus his work begins; To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

GODS MERCY.

Gods boundlesse mercy is to sinfull man Like to the ever wealthy ocean; Which, though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis ne're

Known, or els seen, to be the emptier; And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more Full, and fil'd-full, then when full-fil'd before.

PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE.

God he rejects all prayers that are sleight

And want their poise: words ought to have their

weight.

TO GOD: AN ANTHEM SUNG IN THE CHAPPELL AT WHITE-HALL, BEFORE THE KING.

Verse. Mr God, I'm wounded by my sin, And sore without, and sick within:

Ver. Chor. I come to thee, in hope to find
. Salve for my body and my mind.

Verse. In Gilead though no balme be found, To ease this smart, or cure this wound,

Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with thee
All saving health and help for me.

Verse. Then reach thou forth that hand of thine

That powres in oyle, as well as wine,

Ver. Chor. And let it work, for I'le endure

The utmost smart, so thou wilt cure.

UPON GOD.

God is all fore-part; for we never see Any part backward in the Deitie.

CALLING AND CORRECTING.

God is not onely mercifull, to call Men to repent, but when he strikes withall.

NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING.

God scourgeth some severely, some he spares; But all in smart have lesse or greater shares.

THE ROD.

Gods rod doth watch while men do sleep, and then The rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART.

God, when for sin he makes his children smart,
His own he acts not, but anothers part:
But when by stripes he saves them, then 'tis
known
He comes to play the part that is his own.

GOD IS ONE.

God, as he is most holy knowne, So he is said to be most one.

PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE.

AFFLICTIONS, they most profitable are
To the beholder, and the sufferer;
Bettering them both, but by a double straine;
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

TO GOD.

Do with me, God! as thou didst deal with John, Who writ that heavenly Revelation.

Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder heare,
Then let the harps inchantments strike mine eare:

Here give me thornes, there, in thy kingdome set Upon my head the golden coronet:

There give me day, but here my dreadfull night:
My sackcloth here, but there my stole of white.

WHIPS.

God has his whips here to a twofold end, The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

GODS PROVIDENCE.

IF all transgressions here should have their pay, What need there then be of a reckning day? If God should punish no sin here of men, His providence who would not question then?

TEMPTATION.

THOSE saints which God loves best, The devill tempts not least.

HIS EJACULATION TO GOD.

My God! looke on me with thine eye Of pittie, not of scrutinie; For if thou dost, thou then shalt see Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.

O then, for mercies sake, behold
These my irruptions manifold,
And heale me with thy looke or touch:
But if thou wilt not deigne so much,
Because I'm odious in thy sight,
Speake but the word, and cure me quite.

GODS GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers His gifts to exercise petitioners; And though a while he makes requesters stay, With princely hand he'l recompence delay.

PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE.

God strikes his church; but 'tis to this intent, To make, not marre her, by this punishment. So where He gives the bitter pills, be sure 'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

PARDON.

God pardons those who do through frailty sin,
But never those that persevere therein.
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AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

In numbers, and but these few,
I sing thy Birth, Oh Jesu!
Thou prettie Babie, borne here
With sup'rabundant scorn here,
Who, for thy princely port here,
Hadst for thy place
Of birth a base
Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat inclosures
Of inter-woven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffadills, and roses,
Thy cradle, kingly Stranger,
As gospell tells,
Was nothing els
But here a homely manger.

But we with silks, not cruells,
With sundry precious jewells
And lilly-work will dresse thee:
And as we dispossesse thee
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
Sweet Babe, for thee,
Of ivorie,
And plaistered round with amber.

The Jewes they did disdaine thee,
But we will entertaine thee
With glories, to await here
Upon thy princely state here,
And more for love then pittie.
From yeere to yeere,
Wee'l make thee here
A free-born of our citie.

LIP-LABOUR.

In the old Scripture I have often read The calfe without meale n'ere was offered; To figure to us nothing more then this, Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

THE HEART.

In prayer the lips ne're act the winning part Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

EARE-RINGS.

Why wore th' Egyptians jewells in the eare? But for to teach us, all the grace is there, When we obey by acting what we heare.

BIN SEEN.

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been, Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

UPON TIME.

Time was upon
The wing to flie away,
And I cal'd on
Him but a while to stay;
But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say.

He held out then
A writing, as he went,
And askt me when
False man would be content
To pay agen
What God and nature lent.

An houre-glasse,
In which were sands but few,
As he did passe
He shew'd, and told me too
Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

HIS PETITION.

Ir warre or want shall make me grow so poore
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore,
Lord! let me never act that beggars part
Who hath thee in his mouth, not in his heart.
He who asks almes in that so sacred name,
Without due reference, playes the cheaters game.

TO GOD.

THOU hast promis'd, Lord, to be With me in my miserie:
Suffer me to be so bold
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

HIS LETANIE TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artlesse doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soule,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burne blew,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decaid,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knowes, I'm tost about,
Either with despaire or doubt,
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine eares and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprize,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING for a former doth invite God to bestow a second benefit.

COCK-CROW.

Bell-man of night, if I about shall go For to denie my Master, do thou crow!

Thou stop'st S. Peter in the midst of sin; Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin. Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

Adverse and prosperous fortunes both work on Here for the righteous mans salvation. Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood, All serve to th' augmentation of his good.

PAINE ENDS IN PLEASURE.

Afflictions bring us joy in times to come, When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

TO GOD.

I'le come, I'le creep, though thou dost threat, Humbly unto thy mercy-seat,
When I am there, this then I'le do;
Give thee a dart, and dagger too:
Next, when I have my faults confest,
Naked I'le shew a sighing brest,
Which, if that can't thy pittie wooe,
Then let thy justice do the rest,
And strike it through.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,

A little house, whose humble roof

— Is weather-proof,

Under the sparres of which I lie

Both soft and drie;

Where thou, my chamber for to ward,

Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep

Me while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,

Both void of state;

And yet the threshold of my doore Is worn by th' poore,

Who thither come, and freely get Good words or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall

And kitchin's small:

A little butterie, and therein
A little byn

Which keeps my little loafe of bread Unchipt, unflead.

Some little sticks of thorne or briar

Make me a fire

Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too when I dine
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that bee

There plac'd by thee;

The worts, the purslain, and the messe Of water-cresse,

Which of thy kindnesse thou hast sent;
And my content

Makes those, and my beloved beet, To be more sweet.

'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth With guiltlesse mirth,

And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink, Spic'd to the brink.

Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand That soiles my land,

And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne, Twice ten for one.

Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay Her egg each day,

Besides my healthful ewes to beare Me twins each yeare;

The while the conduits of my kine Run creame, for wine.

All these, and better, thou dost send

Me to this end,

That I should render, for my part, A thankfull heart; Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by thee.

TO GOD.

MAKE, make me thine, my gracious God. Or with thy staffe, or with thy rod; And be the blow too what it will, Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill. Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me, Yet in torments I'le commend thee; Examine me with fire, and prove me To the full, yet I will love thee; Nor shalt thou give so deep a wound, But I as patient will be found.

ANOTHER TO GOD.

LORD, do not beat me!
Since I do sob and crie,
And swowne away to die,
Ere thou dost threat me.
Lord, do not scourge me,
If I by lies and oaths
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
But rather purge me.

NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE.

HAPPY's that man to whom God gives A stock of goods, whereby he lives Neer to the wishes of his heart: No man is blest through ev'ry part.

TO HIS EVER LOVING GOD.

CAN I not come to thee, my God, for these
So very many meeting hindrances
That slack my pace, but yet not make me stay?
Who slowly goes rids in the end his way.
Cleere thou my paths, or shorten thou my miles;
Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles;
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
And take me up, or els prevent the fall.
I kenn my home, and it affords some ease
To see far off the smoaking villages:
Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die,
For feare of future-biting penurie.
No, no, my God, thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU bidst me come: I cannot come: for why? Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.
To mount my soule, she must have pineons given; For tis no easie way from earth to heaven.

TO DEATH.

Thou bidst me come away, And I'le no longer stay Then for to shed some teares For faults of former yeares, And to repent some crimes Done in the present times; And next, to take a bit Of bread and wine with it, To d'on my robes of love, Fit for the place above, To gird my loynes about With charity throughout, And so to travaile hence With feet of innocence. These done, I'le onely crie God mercy, and so die.

NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

God will have all, or none: serve him, or fall Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial.

Either be hot, or cold: God doth despise,

Abhorre, and spew out all neutralities.

WELCOME WHAT COMES.

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall: Among God's blessings there is no one small.

TO HIS ANGRIE GOD.

Through all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping;
And day by day,
My cup can say
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead,
Each evening and each morrow;
Mine eye and eare
Do see and heare
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,
Ay me! I feele
Upon me beating ever;
While my sick heart
With dismal smart
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
This can't endure;
But in short time 'twill please thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
Or strike so as to ease me.

PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had, Yet none of these have made me sad: For why? my Saviour with the sense Of suffring, gives me patience.

ETERNITIE.

O YEARES and age, farewell!

Behold, I go

Where I do know

Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i'th' sea
Of vast eternitie.

Where never moone shall sway
The starres, but she
And night shall be
Drown'd in one endlesse day.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD, A PRESENT BY A CHILD.

Go, prettie child, and beare this flower Unto thy little Saviour; And tell him, by that bud now blown, He is the Rose of Sharon known. When thou hast said so, stick it there Upon his bibb or stomacher, And tell him for good handsell too That thou hast brought a whistle new, Made of a clean strait oaten reed, To charme his cries at time of need. Tell him, for corall, thou hast none, But if thou hadst, he sho'd have one: But poore thou art, and knowne to be Even as monilesse as he. Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse From those mellifluous lips of his, Then never take a second on, To spoile the first impression.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT.

LET others looke for pearle and gold, Tissues or tabbies manifold: One onely lock of that sweet hay Whereon the blessed babie lay, Or one poore swaddling-clout, shall be The richest New-yeeres gift to me.

TO GOD.

Ir any thing delight me for to print My book, 'tis this, that thou, my God, art in't.

GOD AND THE KING.

How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give The mind, the King, the meanes whereby I live.

GODS MIRTH, MANS MOURNING.

Where God is merry, there write down thy fears:
What he with laughter speaks, heare thou with tears.

HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

GIVE me honours, what are these
But the pleasing hindrances,
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
In the way 'twixt me and home?
Cleer the walk, and then shall I
To my heaven lesse run then flie.
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THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

To a love-feast we both invited are.
The figur'd damask, or pure diaper
Over the golden altar now is spread,
With bread, and wine, and vessells furnished:
The sacred towell, and the holy eure
Are ready by, to make the guests all pure.
Let's go, my Alma; yet, e're we receive,
Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve:
Who to that sweet bread unprepar'd doth come,
Better he stary'd then but to tast one crumme.

TO GOD.

God gives not onely corne for need,
But likewise sup'rabundant seed:
Bread for our service, bread for shew;
Meat for our meales, and fragments too.
He gives not poorly, taking some
Between the finger and the thumb,
But, for our glut and for our store,
Fine flowre prest down and running o're.

A WILL TO BE WORKING.

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it; And howsoe're we have the conquest mist, 'Tis for our glory that we did resist.

CHRISTS PART.

Christ, he requires still, wheresoere he comes To feed or lodge, to have the best of roomes. Give him the choice, grant him the nobler part Of all the house; the best of all's the heart.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore; But why he did not, let me tell wherefore. Had all been rich, where then had patience been? Had all been poore, who had his bounty seen?

SOBRIETY IN SEARCH.

To seek of God more then we well can find Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

ALMES.

GIVE, if thou canst, an almes; if not, afford Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word. God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere he sees On our part wanting all abilities.

TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be My private protonotarie? Can I not wooe thee to passe by A short and sweet iniquity? I'le cast a mist and cloud upon My delicate transgression, So utter dark, as that no eye Shall see the hug'd impietie. Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please And winde all other witnesses; And wilt not thou with gold be ti'd To lay thy pen and ink aside, That in the mirk and tonguelesse night Wanton I may, and thou not write? It will not be: and, therefore, now For times to come, I'le make this vow, From aberrations to live free: So I'le not feare the Judge, or thee.

TO HIS SAVIOUR.

LORD, I confesse that thou alone art able
To purifie this my Augean stable:
Be the seas water, and the land all sope,
Yet if thy bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

TO GOD.

God is all-sufferance here: here he doth show No arrow nockt,* onely a stringlesse bow. His arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd Against the wicked, in another world.

HIS DREAME.

I DREAMT last night thou didst transfuse Oyle from thy jarre into my creuze, And powring still thy wealthy store, The vessell full did then run ore. Methought I did thy bounty chide, To see the waste; but 'twas repli'd By thee, deare God, God gives man seed Oft-times for wast, as for his need. Then I co'd say, that house is bare That has not bread, and some to spare.

GODS BOUNTY.

Gods bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse As men do wane in thankfulnesse.

* Notched, i. e., the notch of the arrow placed upon the string.



TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep,
And time seems then not for to flie, but creep:
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.

Just so it is with me, who, listning, pray
The winds to blow the tedious night away,
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
Sick is my heart! O Saviour! do thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses;
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death.
Let me thy voice betimes i'th'morning heare;
Call, and I'le come, say thou the when, and where;
Draw me but first, and after thee I'le run,
And make no one stop till my race be done.

HIS CREED.

I Do believe that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust:
I do believe that when I rise,
Christ I shall see with these same eyes:
I do believe that I must come
With others to the dreadfull doome:
I do believe the bad must goe
From thence to everlasting woe:

I do believe the good and I
Shall live with him eternally:
I do believe I shall inherit
Heaven by Christs mercies, not my merit:
I do believe the One in Three,
And Three in perfect Unitie:
Lastly, that Jesus is a deed
Of gift from God: And heres my creed.

TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse: Satan o'ercomes none but by willingnesse.

THE LAMP.

WHEN a man's faith is frozen up as dead, Then is the lamp and oyle extinguished.

SORROWES.

Sorrowes our portion are: ere hence we goe, Crosses we must have, or hereafter woe.

PENITENCIE.

A mans transgression God do's then remit, When man he makes a penitent for it.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER: SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!

O paragon, and pearle of praise!

O virgin-martyr! ever blest

Above the rest

Of all the maiden-traine, we come, And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground, And as we sing thy dirge, we will The daffadill

And other flowers lay upon The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou, wonder of all maids li'st here, Of daughters all the deerest deere, The eye of virgins, nay, the queen

Of this smooth green, And all sweet meades from whence we get

And all sweet meades from whence we get The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too deere did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty:
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt,

Lamented maid! He won the day, But for the conquest thou didst pay. Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch and victors song:
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe;

And in the purchase of our peace, The cure was worse then the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine,
We offer here before thy shrine
Our sighs for storax, teares for wine;
And to make fine
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive for this thy praise our teares;
Receive this offering of our haires;
Receive these christall vialls, fil'd
With tears distil'd
From teeming eyes. To these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe; besides, these caules,
These laces, ribbands, and these faules,*
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
The bashfull bride,
When we conduct her to her groome,
All, all we lay upon thy tombe.

^{*} Qu. Lat. falda, fauda, an apron, (see Ducange,) or a misprint for paules, palls?

No more, no more, since thou art dead, Shall we ere bring coy brides to bed; No more, at yeerly festivalls,

We cowslip balls Or chaines of columbines shall make, For this or that occasions sake.

No, no; our maiden-pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee:
"Tis we are dead, though not i'th'grave;
Or if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise.

May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
Fat frankingense:

Let balme and cassia send their scent From out thy maiden-monument!

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
A wing about thy sepulcher!
No boysterous winds or stormes come hither
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids at wonted hours Come forth to strew thy tombe with flow'rs! May virgins, when they come to mourn,

Male-incense burn

Upon thine altar, then return,

And leave thee sleeping in thy urn!

ro god, on his sicknesse.

What though my harp and violl be Both hung upon the willow-tree?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darknesse have?
What though my healthfull dayes are fled,
And I lie numbred with the dead?
Yet I have hope by thy great power
To spring, though now a wither'd flower.

SINS LOATH'D AND YET LOV'D.

SHAME checks our first attempts; but then 'tis prov'd,
Sins first dislik'd are after that belov'd.

SIN.

Sin leads the way, but, as it goes, it feels

The following plague still treading on his heels.

UPON GOD.

God, when he takes my goods and chattels hence, Gives me a portion, giving patience. What is in God is God; if so it be He patience gives, he gives himselfe to me.

FAITH.

WHAT here we hope for we shall once inherit: By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

HUMILITY.

Humble we must be, if to heaven we go; High is the roof there, but the gate is low. When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye: Grace is increased by humility.

TEARES.

Our present teares here, not our present laughter, Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

SIN AND STRIFE.

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife Must last with Satan to the end of life.

AN ODE OR PSALME TO GOD.

DEER God,
If thy smart rod
Here did not make me sorrie,
I sho'd not be
With thine or thee,
In thy eternall glorie.

But since
Thou didst convince
My sinnes, by gently striking,
Add still to those
First stripes new blowes,
According to thy liking.

Feare * me,
Or scourging teare me,
That thus from vices driven,
I may from hell
Flie up, to dwell
With thee and thine in heaven.

* Make me fear.

GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

What God gives, and what we take, 'Tis a gift for Christ his sake:
Be the meale of beanes and pease,
God be thank'd for those and these;
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are fragments from his dish.
He his church save, and the king,
And our peace here, like a spring,
Make it ever flourishing!

GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D.

Honour thy parents; but good manners call Thee to adore thy God the first of all.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL: SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL.

Chor. What sweeter musick can we bring
Then a caroll for to sing
The Birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Heart, eare, and eye, and every thing
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

From the flourish they came to the Song.

- 1 Dark and dull night, flie hence away, And give the honour to this day, That sees December turn'd to May.
- 2 If we may ask the reason, say

 The why and wherefore all things here
 Seem like the spring-time of the yeere?
- 3 Why do's the chilling winters morne
 Smile like a field beset with corne?
 Or smell like to a meade new-shorne,
 Thus on the sudden? 4. Come and see
 The cause, why things thus fragrant be.
 'Tis He is borne, whose quickning birth
 Gives life and luster, publike mirth,
 To heaven and the under-earth.

- Chor. We see him come, and know him ours,
 Who with his sun-shine and his showers,
 Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.
 - 1 The Darling of the world is come,
 And fit it is we finde a roome
 To welcome him. 2. The nobler part
 Of all the house here is the heart:
- Chor. Which we will give him, and bequeath
 This hollie and this ivie wreath
 To do him honour, who's our King,
 And Lord of all this revelling.

The musicall part was composed by M. Henry Lawes.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISIONS SONG: SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL.

- 1 PREPARE for songs! He's come! He's come!

 And be it sin here to be dumb,

 And not with lutes to fill the roome.
- 2 Cast holy water all about,And have a care no fire gos out;But 'cense the porch and place throughout.

- 3 The altars all on fier be;
 The storax fries; and ye may see
 How heart and hand do all agree
 To make things sweet. Chor. Yet all less sweet
 then he.
 - 4 Bring him along, most pious priest,
 And tell us then, when as thou seest
 His gently-gliding, dove-like eyes,
 And hear'st his whimpering and his cries,
 How canst thou this Babe circumcise?
- 5 Ye must not be more pitifull then wise;
 For now unlesse ye see him bleed,
 Which makes the bapti'me, 'tis decreed,
 The birth is fruitlesse. Chor. Then the work
 God speed.
- Touch gently, gently touch, and here Spring tulips up through all the yeere;
 And from his sacred bloud here shed
 May roses grow, to crown his owne deare head.
- Chor. Back, back again: each thing is done With zeale alike as 'twas begun.

Now, singing, homeward let us carrie
The Babe unto his mother Marie;
And when we have the child commended
To her warm bosome, then our rites are ended.

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Composed by M. Henry Lawes.

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ANOTHER NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR SONG FOR THE CIRCUMCISION.

- Hence, hence, prophane! and none appeare
 With any thing unhallowed here.
 No jot of leven must be found
 Conceal'd in this most holy ground.
- 2 What is corrupt, or sowr'd with sin, Leave that without, then enter in.
- Chor. But let no Christmas mirth begin
 Before ye purge and circumcise
 Your hearts and hands, lips, eares, and
 eyes.
 - 3 Then, like a perfum'd altar, see
 That all things sweet and clean may be:
 For, here's a Babe that, like a bride,
 Will blush to death, if ought be spi'd
 Ill-scenting or unpurifi'd.
- Chor. The room is cens'd: help, help, t'invoke
 Heaven to come down, the while we choke
 The temple with a cloud of smoke.
 - 4 Come then, and gently touch the birth Of Him who's Lord of heav'n and earth.

- 5 And softly handle him: y'ad need,
 Because the prettie Babe do's bleed.
 Poore pittied Child! who from thy stall
 Bring'st in thy blood a balm, that shall
 Be the best New-yeares gift to all.
- 1 Let's blesse the Babe: and as we sing His praise, so let us blesse the King.

Chor. Long may he live, till he hath told
His new-yeeres trebled to his old:
And when that's done, to re-aspire
A new-borne Phœnix from his own chast fire.

GODS PARDON.

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here; For once in hell, none knowes remission there.

SIN.

Sin once reacht up to Gods eternall sphere, And was committed, not remitted there.

EVILL

EVILL no nature hath: the losse of good Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

THE STAR-SONG: A CAROLL TO THE KING, SUNG AT WHITE-HALL.

The flourish of musick: then followed the Song.

- 1 Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue, Where is the Babe but lately sprung? Lies he the lillie-banks among?
- 2 Or say if this new Birth of ours Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers, Spangled with deaw-light? Thou canst cleere

All doubts and manifest the where.

- 3 Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek Him in the mornings blushing cheek, Or search the beds of spices through, To find him out?
- Star. No, this ye need not do:
 But onely come, and see him rest
 A princely Babe in's mothers brest.
- Chor. He's seen! he's seen! Why then a round, Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground, And all rejoyce that we have found A King, before conception crown'd.
 - 4 Come then, come then, and let us bring Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King Each one his severall offering.

Chor. And when night comes, wee'l give him wassailing;

And that his treble honours may be seen.

Wee'l chuse him King, and make his mother queen.

TO GOD.

WITH golden censers and with incense here Before thy virgin-altar I appeare,
To pay thee that I owe, since what I see,
In or without, all, all belongs to thee.
Where shall I now begin to make for one
Least loane of thine half restitution?
Alas! I cannot pay a jot: therefore
I'le kisse the tally, and confesse the score.
Ten thousand talents lent me, thou dost write:
'Tis true, my God, but I can't pay one mite.

TO HIS DEERE GOD.

I'le hope no more
For things that will not come,
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome.
Wealth brings much woe;
And since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poore,
Than so t'abound
As to be drown'd
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care avant!
The learn to be content

With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthfull use,
Almighty God, me grant:
But that or this,
That hurtfull is,
Denie thy suppliant!

TO GOD: HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,
O thou that crown'st the will where wants the
deed!

Where rams are wanting, or large bullocks thighs, There a poor lamb's a plenteous sacrifice. Take then his vowes who, if he had it, would Devote to thee both incense, myrrhe and gold Upon an altar rear'd by him, and crown'd Both with the rubie, pearle and diamond.

ON HEAVEN.

Permit mine eyes to see
Part or the whole of thee,
O happy place!
Where all have grace

And garlands shar'd,
For their reward;
Where each chast soule,
In long white stole
And palmes in hand,
Do ravisht stand;
So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of Three in One,
That fill the throne,
While harps and violls then
To voices say Amen.

THE SUMME AND THE SATISFACTION.

Last night I drew up mine account
And found my debits to amount
To such a height, as for to tell
How I sho'd pay 's impossible.
Well, this I'le do: my mighty score
Thy mercy-seat I'le lay before;
But therewithall I'le bring the band
Which in full force did daring * stand,
Till my Redeemer on the tree
Made void for millions, as for me.
Then, if thou bidst me pay or go
Unto the prison, I'le say no:
Christ having paid, I nothing owe:

* Terrifying.

For, this is sure, the debt is dead By law, the bond once cancelled.

GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring Them to the field, and there, to skirmishing: With trialls those, with terrors these he proves, And hazards those most whom the most he loves. For Sceva, darts; for Cocles, dangers; thus He finds a fire for mighty Mutius; Death for stout Cato; and besides all these, 'A poyson too he has for Socrates; Torments for high Attilius; and with want Brings in Fabricius for a combatant: But bastard slips, and such as he dislikes, He never brings them once to th' push of pikes.

GOOD CHRISTIANS.

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts, Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE.

WHEN man is punisht, he is plagued still Not for the fault of nature, but of will.

TO HEAVEN.

Open thy gates

To him who weeping waits,
And might come in,
But that held back by sin.

Let mercy be

So kind to set me free,
And I will strait

Come in, or force the gate.

THE RECOMPENCE.

ALL I have lost that co'd be rapt from me, And fare it well! yet, Herrick, if so be Thy decrest Saviour renders thee but one Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

TO GOD.

Pardon me God, once more I thee intreat,
That I have plac'd thee in so meane a seat,
Where round about thou seest but all things vaine,
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
But as heavens publike and immortall eye
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby,
So thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
But take no tincture from my sinfull book.

Let but one beame of glory on it shine, And that will make me and my work divine.

TO GOD.

LORD, I am like to misletoe,
Which has no root, and cannot grow
Or prosper, but by that same tree
It clings about: so I by thee.
What need I then to feare at all,
So long as I about thee craule?
But if that tree sho'd fall and die,
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

HIS WISH TO GOD.

I would to God that mine old age might have
Before my last but here a living grave,
Some one poore almes-house, there to lie or stir,
Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher:
A little piggin and a pipkin by,
To hold things fitting my necessity,
Which, rightly us'd both in their time and place,
Might me excite to fore and after grace.
Thy crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd
be,

Not to adore that, but to worship thee: So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend, Reading thy Bible and my book:—so end.

SATAN.

When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more He teares and tugs us then he did before; Neglecting once to cast a frown on those Whom ease makes his without the help of blowes.

HELL.

Hell is no other but a soundlesse pit, Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

THE WAY.

WHEN I a ship see on the seas Cuft with those watrie savages, And therewithall behold it hath In all that way no beaten path, Then with a wonder I confesse Thou art our way i'th wildernesse, And while we blunder in the dark, Thou art our candle there, or spark.

GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY.

THE lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease, The more our crownes of glory there increase.



HELL.

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds, But no one jailor there to wash the wounds.

THE BELL-MAN.

Along the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulnesse call on
To the gen'rall session,.
To whose dismall barre we there
All accompts must come to cleere:
Scores of sins w'ave made here many
Wip't out few, God knowes, if any.
Rise, ye debters, then, and fall
To make paiment while I call:
Ponder this when I am gone;
By the clock 'tis almost one.

THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD.

When winds and seas do rage,
And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath asswage,
If I but call unto thee.

A mighty storm last night
Did seek my soule to swallow,
But by the peep of light
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,

Though ills stand round about me,
Since mischiefs neither dare

To bark or bite, without thee?

THE WIDDOWES TEARES, OR DIRGE OF DORCAS.

Come pitie us, all ye who see
Our harps hung on the willow-tree;
Come pitie us, ye passers by,
Who see or heare poor widdowes crie;
Come pitie us, and bring your eares
And eyes to pitie widdowes teares.

Chor. And when you are come hither,
Then we will keep
A fast, and weep
Our eyes out all together.

For Tabitha, who dead lies here, Clean washt and laid out for the beere, O modest matrons, weep and waile! For now the corne and wine must faile; The basket and the bynn of bread, Wherewith so many soules were fed, Chor. Stand empty here for ever;

And ah! the poore

At thy worne doore

Shall be releeved never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day, That reav'd us of thee, Tabitha! For we have lost with thee the meale, The bits, the morsells, and the deale Of gentle paste and yeelding dow That thou on widdowes didst bestow.

Chor. All's gone, and death hath taken
Away from us
Our maundie * thus:
Thy widdowes stand forsaken.

Ah Dorcas, Dorcas! now adieu
We bid the creuse and pannier too:
I,† and the flesh, for and ‡ the fish,
Dol'd to us in that lordly dish.
We take our leaves now of the loome,
From whence the house-wives cloth did come.
Chor. The web affords now nothing;

Thou being dead,

The woosted thred

Is cut that made us clothing.

^{*} Alms so called from the maunds (baskets) in which gifts were distributed.

[†] Ay. † For and, and also.

Farewell the flax and reaming * wooll,
With which thy house was plentifull:
Farewell the coats, the garments, and
The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand:
Farewell thy fier and thy light,
That ne'er went out by day or night.
Chor. No, or thy zeale so speedy,
That found a way,
By peep of day.
To feed and cloth the needy.

But ah, alas! the almond bough And olive branch is wither'd now: The wine presse now is ta'ne from us, The saffron and the calamus: The spice and spiknard hence is gone, The storax and the cynamon.

Chor. The caroll of our gladnesse
Ha's taken wing,
And our late spring
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies! How worthy of respect and praise! How matron-like didst thou go drest! How soberly above the rest Of those that prank it † with their plumes, And jet it with their choice perfumes.

^{*} Stretching.
† Dress gaily, make a show.

Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing,

Nor did the street

Accuse thy feet

Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here li'st dead, we see
A deale of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all diffused grace,
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotlesse white,
And comely as the chrysolite!

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,

Or as a neat

Cleane hemp of wheat,

All set about with lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we Will shew these garments made by thee. These were the coats, in these are read The monuments of Dorcas dead. These were thy acts, and thou shalt have These hung as honours o're thy grave.

Chor. And after us distressed,
Sho'd fame be dumb,
Thy very tomb
Would cry out, thou art blessed.

TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me; But if it please my God I be Brought at the last to th' utmost bit, God make me thankfull still for it. I have been gratefull for my store: Let me say grace when there's no more.

TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS GIFT.

That little prettie bleeding part
Of foreskin send to me,
And Ile returne a bleeding heart
For New-yeers gift to thee.

Rich is the jemme that thou didst send,
Mine's faulty too and small:
But yet this gift thou wilt commend,
Because I send thee all.

DOOMES-DAY.

Let not that day Gods friends and servants scare:
The bench is then their place, and not the barre.
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THE POORES PORTION.

THE sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poore.
Wheat, barley, rie, or oats; what is't
But he takes tole of? all the griest.
Two raiments have I; Christ then makes
This law, that he and I part stakes:
Or have I two loaves; then I use
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

THE WHITE ISLAND, OR PLACE OF THE BLEST.

In this world, the Isle of Dreames, While we sit by sorrowes streames, Teares and terrors are our theames, Reciting:

But when once from hence we flie, More and more approaching nigh Unto young eternitie,

Uniting,

In that Whiter Island where
Things are evermore sincere,
Candor here and lustre there
Delighting;

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horrour call,
To create or cause at all
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep We our eyes shall never steep, But eternall watch shall keep, Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortaliz'd, and you,
And fresh joyes as never too
Have ending.

TO CHRIST.

I CRAWLE, I creep, my Christ, I come
To thee for curing balsamum:
Thou hast, nay more, thou art the Tree,
Affording salve of soveraigntie.
My mouth I'le lay unto thy wound
Bleeding, that no blood touch the ground;
For rather then one drop shall fall
To wast, my Jesu, I'le take all.

TO GOD.

God to my little meale and oyle Add but a bit of flesh to boyle,

And thou my pipkinnet shalt see Give a wave-offring unto thee.

FREE WELCOME.

God he refuseth no man, but makes way For all that now come or hereafter may.

GODS GRACE.

Gods grace deserves here to be daily fed, That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

COMING TO CHRIST.

To him who longs unto his Christ to go Celerity even it self is slow.

CORRECTION.

God had but one Son free from sin, but none Of all his sonnes free from correction.

GODS BOUNTY.

God, as he's potent, so he's likewise known To give us more then hope can fix upon.

KNOWLEDGE.

Science in God is known to be A substance, not a qualitie.

SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to his chaplains say, Sending them forth, Salute no man by' th way. Not that he taught his ministers to be Unsmooth, or sowre to all civilitie; But to instruct them to avoid all snares Of tardidation in the Lords affaires.

Manners are good: but till his errand ends, Salute we must nor strangers, kin, or friends.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE.

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be The sister to saturitie.*

TEARES.

God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipees, And gives his children kisses then, not stripes.

* Repletion.

GODS BLESSING.

In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be, Unlesse God gives the benedicite.

GOD AND LORD.

God is his name of nature, but that word Implies his power, when he's called the LORD.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

God hides from man the reck'ning day, that he May feare it ever for uncertaintie;
That being ignorant of that one, he may
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

ANGELLS.

Angells are called Gods; yet of them none Are Gods but by participation; As just men are intitled Gods, yet none Are Gods of them but by adoption.

LONG LIFE.

THE longer thread of life we spin, The more occasion still to sin.

TEARES.

THE teares of saints more sweet by farre Then all the songs of sinners are.

MANNA.

THAT manna which God on his people cast Fitted it self to ev'ry feeders tast.

REVERENCE.

TRUE rev'rence is, as Cassiodore doth prove, The feare of God commixt with cleanly love.

MERCY.

MERCY the wise Athenians held to be Not an affection, but a deitie.

WAGES.

AFTER this life the wages shall Not shar'd alike be unto all.

TEMPTATION.

God tempteth no one, as S. Aug'stine saith, For any ill, but for the proof of faith. Unto temptation God exposeth some, But none of purpose to be overcome.

GODS HANDS.

Gods hands are round and smooth, that gifts may fall

Freely from them and hold none back at all.

LABOUR.

LABOUR we must, and labour hard, I'th forum here or vineyard.

MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOME.

THE time the Bridegroom stayes from hence Is but the time of penitence.

ROARING.

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

THE EUCHARIST.

HE that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound: The salve for this i'th Eucharist is found.

SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT.

God in his own day will be then severe.

To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here.

MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Mountains of the Scriptures are, some say, Moses, and Jesus, called Joshua.

The Prophets Mountains of the Old are meant,
The Apostles Mounts of the New Testament.

PRAYER.

A PRAYER that is said alone
Starves, having no companion.
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,
And those great are which ne're decay.
Pray not for silver; rust eats this;
Ask not for gold, which metall is;
Nor yet for houses, which are here
But earth: such vowes nere reach Gods eare.

CHRISTS SADNESSE.

Christ was not sad i'th garden for his own Passion, but for his sheeps dispersion.

GOD HEARES US.

God, who's in heav'n, will hear from thence, If not to'th sound, yet to the sense.

GOD.

God, as the learned Damascen doth write, A sea of substance is indefinite.

CLOUDS.

HE that ascended in a cloud shall come In clouds, descending to the publike doome.

COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS.

THE same who crownes the Conqueror will be A coadjutor in the agonie.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is most faire, but fairer he That made that fairest canopie.

GOD.

In God there's nothing but 'tis known to be Ev'n God himself, in perfect entitie.

HIS POWER.

God can do all things save but what are known For to imply a contradiction.

CHRISTS WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY GOD, MY GOD.

CHRIST, when he hung the dreadfull crosse upon, Had, as it were, a dereliction:

In this regard; in those great terrors he Had no one beame from Gods sweet majestie.

JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith, No number of the plurall hath.

CONFUSION OF FACE.

God then confounds mans face when he not hears The vowes of those who are petitioners.

ANOTHER.

THE shame of mans face is no more Then prayers repel'd, sayes Cassiodore.

BEGGARS.

JACOB Gods beggar was; and so we wait, Though ne're so rich, all beggars at his gate.

GOOD AND BAD.

The bad among the good are here mixt ever: The good without the bad are here plac'd never.

SIN.

Sin['s]no existence; nature none it hath, Or good at all, as learn'd Aquinas saith.

MARTHA, MARTHA.

THE repetition of the name made known No other then Christs full affection.

YOUTH AND AGE.

God on our youth bestowes but little ease, But on our age most sweet indulgences.

GODS POWER.

God is so potent as his power can Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

PARADISE.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather, A quire of blest soules circling in the Father.

OBSERVATION.

THE Jewes when they built houses, I have read, One part thereof left still unfinished, To make them thereby mindfull of their own Cities most sad and dire destruction.

THE ASSE.

God did forbid the Israelites to bring An asse unto him for an offering, Onely by this dull creature to expresse His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

OBSERVATION.

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance there
From her Sonnes crosse, not shedding once a teare,
Because the law forbad to sit and crie
For those who did as malefactors die:
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the law.
Observe we may how Mary Joses then,
And th' other Mary, Mary Magdalen,
Sate by the grave, and, sadly sitting there,
Shed for their master many a bitter teare:
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead,
And then to weep they both were licensed.

TAPERS.

Those tapers which we set upon the grave In fun'rall pomp but this importance have; That soules departed are not put out quite, But, as they walk't here in their vestures white, So live in heaven, in everlasting light.

CHRISTS BIRTH.

ONE birth our saviour had; the like none yet Was, or will be a second like to it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown At once a bud, and yet a rose full-blowne.

ANOTHER.

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and, streaming in, No crack or schisme leave i'th subtill skin, So the divine hand work't, and brake no thred, But in a mother kept a maiden-head.

GOD.

God, in the holy tongue, they call The place that filleth All in all.

ANOTHER OF GOD.

God's said to leave this place, and for to come Nearer to that place then to other some, Of locall motion in no least respect, But only by impression of effect.

ANOTHER.

God is Jehovah cal'd; which name of his Implies or essence, or the He that Is.

GODS PRESENCE.

Goo's evident, and may be said to be Present with just men, to the veritie: But with the wicked if he doth comply, "Tis, as S. Bernard saith, but seemingly.

GODS DWELLING.

God's said to dwell there wheresoever he Puts down some prints of his high majestie: As when to man he comes, and there doth place His holy Spirit or doth plant his grace.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE Virgin Marie was, as I have read, The house of God by Christ inhabited; Into the which he enter'd; but the doore, Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

TO GOD.

God's undivided, One in persons Three, And Three in inconfused Unity. Originall of essence there is none 'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne: And though the Father be the first of Three, 'Tis but by order, not by Entitie.

UPON WOMAN AND MARY.

So long, it seem'd, as Maries faith was small, Christ did her woman, not her Mary call; But no more woman, being strong in faith, But Mary cal'd then, as S. Ambrose saith.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

The Jewes their beds and offices of ease
Plac't north and south for these cleane purposes:
That mans uncomely froth might not molest
Gods wayes and walkes, which lie still east and
west.

SABBATHS.

SABBATHS are threefold, as S. Austine sayes: The first of time, or sabbath here of dayes; The second is a conscience trespasse-free; The last the sabbath of eternitie.

THE FAST OR LENT.

NOAH the first was, as tradition sayes,
That did ordaine the fast of forty dayes.
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SIN.

THERE is no evill that we do commit
But hath th' extraction of some good from it:
As when we sin, God, the great Chymist, thence
Drawes out th' elixar of true penitence.

GOD.

God is more here then in another place, Not by his essence, but commerce of grace.

THIS AND THE NEXT WORLD.

GOD hath this world for many made, 'tis true: But he hath made the world to come for few.

EASE.

God gives to none so absolute an ease As not to know or feel some grievances.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well; Judas began well, but he foulely fell; In godlinesse, not the beginnings so

Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

TEMPORALL GOODS.

THESE temp'rall goods God, the most wise, commends

To th' good and bad in common for two ends: First, that these goods none here may o're esteem, Because the wicked do partake of them; Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun, Being oft here the just mans portion.

HELL FIRE.

THE fire of hell this strange condition hath, To burn, not shine, as learned Basil saith.

ABELS BLOUD.

SPEAK, did the bloud of Abel cry
To God for vengeance? Yes, say I:
Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud cal'd on
God for an expiation.

ANOTHER.

THE bloud of Abel was a thing Of such a rev'rend reckoning,

As that the old world thought it fit Especially to sweare by it.

A POSITIÓN IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY

ONE man repentant is of more esteem With God then one that never sin'd 'gainst him.

PENITENCE.

THE doctors, in the Talmud, say That in this world one onely day In true repentance spent will be More worth then heav'ns eternitie.

GODS PRESENCE.

God's present ev'ry where, but most of all Present by union hypostaticall. God, he is there where's nothing else, schooles say, And nothing else is there where he's away.

THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE.

For each one body that i'th earth is sowne, There's an up-rising but of one for one: But for each graine that in the ground is thrown, Threescore or fourscore spring up thence for one: So that the wonder is not halfe so great Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

CHRISTS SUFFERING.

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us, Who hath more suffer'd by us farre then for us.

SINNERS.

Sinners confounded are a twofold way: Either as when (the learned schoolemen say) Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent, Or when for sins men suffer punishment.

TEMPTATIONS.

No man is tempted so but may o'recome, If that he has a will to masterdome.

PITTIE AND PUNISHMENT.

God doth embrace the good with love, and gaines The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

GODS PRICE AND MANS PRICE.

God bought man here with his hearts blood expence,

And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

CHRISTS ACTION.

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there His humane nature did in part appeare; Or ne're so meane a peece, but men might see Therein some beames of his divinitie: So that, in all he did, there did combine His humane nature and his part divine.

PREDESTINATION.

PREDESTINATION is the cause alone Of many standing, but of fall to none.

ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd? Then with hast go on To make thy faire predestination: If thou canst change thy life, God then will please To change or call back his past sentences.

SIN.

Sin never slew a soule, unlesse there went Along with it some tempting blandishment.

ANOTHER.

Sin is an act so free that if we shall Say 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

ANOTHER.

Sin is the cause of death, and sin's alone The cause of Gods predestination; And from Gods prescience of mans sin doth flow Our destination to eternall woe.

PRESCIENCE.

Gods prescience makes none sinfull, but th' offence Of man's the chief cause of Gods prescience.

CHRIST.

To all our wounds here, whatsoe're they be, Christ is the one sufficient remedie.

CHRISTS INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our nature on him, not that he 'Bove all things lov'd it for the puritie;
No, but he drest him with our humane trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of him.

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here: Yet it is given to the labourer.

GODS KEYES.

God has four keyes which he reserves alone: The first of raine; the key of hell next known; With the third key he opes and shuts the wombe; And with the fourth key he unlocks the tombe.

SIN.

THERE'S no constraint to do amisse Whereas but one enforcement is.

ALMES.

GIVE unto all, lest he whom thou deni'st May chance to be no other man but Christ.

HELL-FIRE.

ONE onely fire has hell, but yet it shall
Not after one sort there excruciate all:
But look, how each transgressor onward went
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder leane,
And cleane
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look and sowre?

No: 'tis a fast to dole

Thy sheaf of wheat

And meat

Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To shew a heart grief-rent;

To sterve * thy sin,

Not bin:

And that's to keep thy Lent.

NO TIME IN ETERNITIE.

By houres we all live here: in heaven is known No spring of time, or times succession.

HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.

Be those few hours which I have yet to spend Blest with the meditation of my end:
Though they be few in number, I'm content;
If otherwise, I stand indifferent;
Nor makes it matter Nestors yeers to tell,
If man lives long, and if he live not well.
A multitude of dayes still heaped on
Seldome brings order, but confusion.
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be withstood;
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good:

Starve.

Which to effect, let ev'ry passing bell

Possesse my thoughts, next comes my dolefull

knell:

And when the night perswades me to my bed, I'le thinke I'm going to be buried. So shall the blankets which come over me Present those turfs which once must cover me. And with as firme behaviour I will meet The sheet I sleep in, as my winding-sheet. When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes, I will believe that then my body dies: And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon, I'le have in mind my resurrection, Which must produce me to that gen'rall doome To which the pesant, so the prince must come, To heare the Judge give sentence on the throne, Without the least hope of affection. Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence, When hell and horrour fright the conscience. Let me, though late, yet at the last begin To shun the least temptation to a sin: Though to be tempted be no sin, untill Man to th' alluring object gives his will. Such let my life assure me, when my breath Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death; Which is the height of comfort, when I fall, I rise triumphant in my funerall.

CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.

THOSE garments lasting evermore Are works of mercy to the poore, Which neither tettar, time, or moth Shall fray that silke or fret this cloth.

TO GOD.

COME to me, God! but do not come To me as to the gen'rall doome, In power; or come thou in that state When thou thy lawes didst promulgate, When as the mountains quak'd for dread, And sullen clouds bound up his head. No, lay thy stately terrours by, To talke with me familiarly: For if thy thunder-claps I heare, I shall lesse swoone then die for feare. Speake thou of love, and I'le reply By way of epithalamie; Or sing of mercy, and I'le suit To it my violl and my lute: Thus let thy lips but love distill, Then come my God, and hap what will.

THE SOULE.

WHEN once the soule has lost her way, O then how restlesse do's she stray! And having not her God for light, How does she erre in endlesse night!

THE JUDGEMENT DAY.

In doing justice God shall then be known, Who, showing mercy here, few prizid, or none.

SUFFERINGS.

Wie merit all we suffer, and by far More stripes then God layes on the sufferer.

PAINE AND PLEASURE.

God suffers not his saints and servants decre To have continuall pains or pleasure here: But look how night'succeeds the day, so he Gives them by turnes their grief and joilitie.

GODS PRESENCE.

God is all-present to what e're we do; And as all-present, so all-filling too.

ANOTHER.

THAT there's a God, we all do know; But what God is, we cannot show.

THE POORE MANS PART.

Tell me, rich man, for what intent Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment, When as the poore crie out, to us Belongs all gold superfluous?

THE RIGHT HAND.

God has a right hand, but is quite bereft Of that which we do nominate the left.

GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.

God still rewards us more then our desert: But when he strikes, he quarter-acts his part.

THE STAFFE AND ROD.

Two instruments belong unto our God; The one a Staffe is and the next a Rod: That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart, The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

CONFESSION.

Confession twofold is, as Austine sayes; The first of sin is, and the next of praise. If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse: If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulnesse.

GODS DESCENT.

God is then said for to descend, when he Doth here on earth some things of novitie: As when in humane nature he works more Then ever yet the like was done before.

NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

GOOD and great God! how sho'd I feare To come to thee, if Christ not there! Co'd I but think he would not be Present to plead my cause for me, To hell I'd rather run then I Wo'd see thy face, and he not by.

ANOTHER TO GOD.

THOUGH thou beest all that active love
Which heats those ravisht soules above,
And though all joyes spring from the glance
Of thy most winning countenance,
Yet sowre and grim thou'dst seem to me,
If through my Christ I saw not thee.

THE RESURRECTION.

THAT Christ did die, the Pagan saith; But that he rose, that's Christians faith.

COHEIRES.

WE are coheires with Christ; nor shall his own Heire-ship be lesse by our adoption: The number here of heires shall from the state Of his great birth-right nothing derogate.

THE NUMBER OF TWO.

God hates the dual number, being known The lucklesse number of division;

And when he blest each sev'rall day whereon He did his curious operation,
'Tis never read there, as the fathers say,
God blest his work done on the second day.
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
Or by our selves, or from the pulpit read.

HARDNING OF HEARTS.

God's said our hearts to harden then When as his grace not supples men.

THE BOSE.

BEFORE man's fall, the rose was born, S. Ambrose says, without the thorn: But for man's fault, then was the thorn Without the fragrant rose-bud born, But ne're the rose without the thorn.

GODS TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.

God doth not promise here to man that he Will free him quickly from his miserie:
But in his own time, and when he thinks fit,
Then he will give a happy end to it.

VOL. II.

BAPTISME.

THE strength of Baptisme, that's within: It saves the soule by drowning sin.

GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE.

GOLD serves for tribute to the king; The frankincense for God's offring.

TO GOD.

God, who me gives a will for to repent, Will add a power to keep me innocent, That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit, When I have done true penance here for it.

THE CHEWING THE CUD.

When well we speak, and nothing do that's good,
We not divide the hoof, but chew the cud:
But when good words by good works have their
proof,
We then both chew the cud and cleave the hoof.

CHRISTS TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure
My soules most desp'rate calenture:
Thy second Advent, that must be
To heale my earths infirmitic.

TO GOD: HIS GIFT.

As my little pot doth boyle, We will keep this levell-coyle,* That a wave, and I will bring To my God a heave-offering.

GODS ANGER.

God's wrathfull said to be, when he doth do
That without wrath which wrath doth force us to.

GODS COMMANDS.

In Gods commands ne're ask the reason why: Let thy obedience be the best reply.

*Alternation: we will take turns: the boiling makes a wave-offering, the port a heave-offering.



TO GOD.

If I have plaid the truant, or have here
Fail'd in my part, O! thou art my deare,
My mild, my loving Tutor, Lord and God!
Correct my errors gently with thy rod.
I know that faults will many here be found,
But where sin dwells there let thy grace abound.

TO GOD.

THE work is done, now let my lawrell be Given by none but by thy selfe to me:
That done, with honour thou dost me create
Thy poet and thy prophet Lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY. REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST GOING TO HIS CROSSE.

Pur off thy robe of purple, then go on To the sad place of execution:
Thine houre is come, and the tormentor stands Ready to pierce thy tender feet and hands.
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude, Th'inconstant and unpurged multitude
Yawne for thy coming: some e're this time crie, How he deferres, how loath he is to die!
Amongst this scumme, the souldier with his speare,

And that sowre fellow with his vineger, His spunge and stick, do ask why thou dost stay. So do the skurfe and bran too. Go thy way, Thy way, thou guiltlesse Man, and satisfie By thine approach each their beholding eye. Not as a thief shalt thou ascend the mount, But like a Person of some high account: The crosse shall be thy stage, and thou shalt there The spacious field have for thy theater. Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man That must this day act the tragedian, To wonder and affrightment. Thou art he Whom all the flux of nations come to see: Not those poor theeves that act their parts with thee: Those act without regard, when once a King, And God, as thou art, comes to suffering. No, no, this scene from thee takes life and sense, And soule and spirit, plot and excellence. Why then begin, great King! Ascend thy throne, And thence proceed to act thy Passion, To such an height, to such a period rais'd, As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand amaz'd. God and good angells guide thee, and so blesse Thee in thy severall parts of bitternesse, That those who see thee nail'd unto the tree May, though they scorn thee, praise and pitie thee. And we, thy lovers, while we see thee keep The lawes of action, will both sigh and weep, And bring our spices to enbalm thee dead; That done, wee'l see thee sweetly buried.

HIS WORDS TO CHRIST GOING TO THE CROSSE.

WHEN thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read All thy disciples thee forsook, and fled. Let their example not a pattern be For me to flie, but now to follow thee.

ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR.

Ir thou beest taken, God forbid
I flie from thee, as others did:
But if thou wilt so honour me
As to accept my companie,
I'le follow thee, hap, hap what shall,
Both to the judge and judgment-hall.
And if I see thee posted there,
To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
I'le take my share, or els, my God,
Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the rod.

HIS SAVIOURS WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSSE.

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye Who passe this way, to pitie me, Who am a man of miserie!

A man both bruis'd and broke, and one Who suffers not here for mine own, But for my friends transgression! Ah! Sions daughters, do not feare The crosse, the cords, the nailes, the speare, The myrrhe, the gall, the vineger;

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath: Onely there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew What bitter cups had been your due, Had he not drank them up for you.

HIS ANTHEM TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE.

When I behold thee, almost slain,
With one and all parts full of pain,
When I thy gentle heart do see
Pierc't through and dropping bloud
for me,
I'le call, and cry out Thanks to thee.

Vers. But yet it wounds my soule to think That for my sin thou, thou must drink, Even thou alone, the bitter cup Of furie and of vengeance up.

Chor. Lord, I'le not see thee to drink all The vineger, the myrrhe, the gall:

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine,
Which done, Lord say The rest is mine.

This crosse-tree here Doth JESUS beare, Who sweet'ned first The death accurs't.

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away; For long this work wil be, and very short this day. Why then, go on to act: here's wonders to be done Before the last least sand of thy ninth houre be run, Or e're dark clouds do dull or dead the mid-dayes sun.

Act when thou wilt, Bloud will be spilt; Pure balm that shall Bring health to all. Why then, begin To powre first in Some drops of wine, In stead of brine, To search the wound So long unsound. And when that's done. Let oyle next run, To cure the Sinne made before. And O! Deare Christ, E'en as thou di'st. Look down and see Us weep for thee. And tho, love knows, Thy dreadfull woes We cannot ease, Yet doe thou please, Who mercie Taccept each heart, That gladly would Helpe, if it could. Meane while, let mee, Beneath this tree. This honour have, To make my grave.

TO HIS SAVIOURS SEPULCHRE: HIS DEVOTION.

HAILE! holy and all-honour'd tomb, By no ill haunted, here I come, With shoes put off, to tread thy roome. I'le not prophane, by soile of sin, Thy doore, as I do enter in; For I have washt both hand and heart, This, that, and ev'ry other part: So that I dare, with farre lesse feare Then full affection enter here. Thus, thus I come to kisse thy stone With a warm lip and solemn one; And as I kisse, I'le here and there Dresse thee with flowrie diaper. How sweet this place is! as from hence Flow'd all Panchaia's frankincense; Or rich Arabia did commix. Here all her aromaticks. Let me live ever here, and stir Not one step from this sepulcher. Ravisht I am, and down I lie, Confus'd in this brave extasie. Here let me rest, and let me have This for my heaven that was thy grave: And, coveting no higher sphere, I'le my eternitie spend here.

HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST AT THE SEPULCHRE.

To joyn with them who here confer Gifts to my Saviours sepulcher, Devotion bids me hither bring Somewhat for my thank-offering. Loe! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower, To dresse my maiden-Saviour.

HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER.

HENCE they have born my Lord. Behold! the stone Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone. Tell me, white angell, what is now become Of him we lately seal'd up in this tombe? Is he from hence gone to the shades beneath. To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death? If so, I'le thither follow without feare, And live in hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

Or all the good things whatsoe're we do, God is the APXH and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.

END.



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